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ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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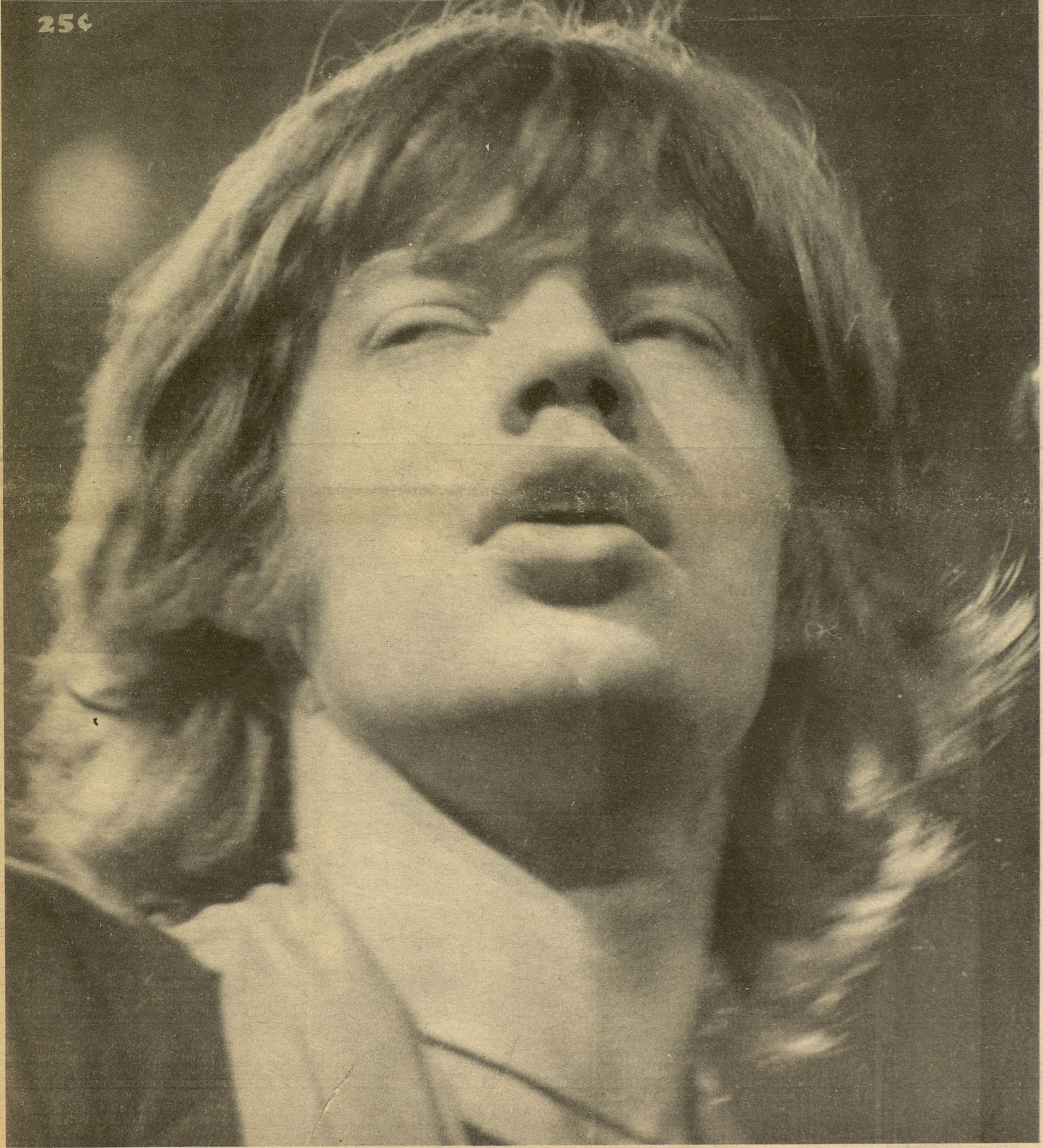

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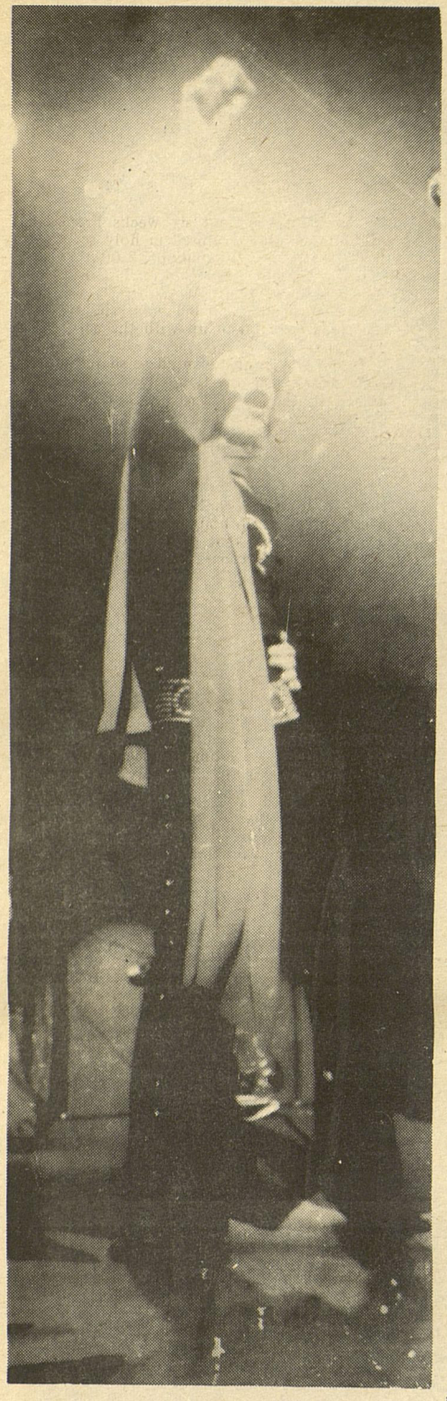

STONES

DETROIT [LNS]—So Mick Jagger, by all accounts a rather *bad* mothuhfuckuh, came home. Grotesque, lewd, and deranged. Satisfying

Jagger's sassy strut and faggoty pirouettes, black leotards and black muscle shirt [his sun sign, Leo, in place of Superman "S"], and a flippant red floor-length scarf decorate the heavy, hard-driving rock pulsar like lace draped over a lathe. Olympia Stadium's 15,000 rightful owners gape, scream, crawl up on the arms of their seats, dance, charge the stage, wave fists and other less organized clumps of fingers, and when Micky bawls we all bawl with him: "I can't get nooo...SA...TIS...FAC...TION!"

Positively a fire hazard. Convulsions, spasms, fists—Jagger answers with an affected postnasal drip, belly shimmies, and a spine whose erectness he probably owes to his father Joe, a physical education teacher. It's no capital crime.

But Satan is barefoot, a homespun boy, society's child. He dances the disease which this place is. He's the total imposter. The last of the great movie queens. The last of the great white pricks. Wealthy — the tour will pay for two million-dollar bashes. Lazy, narcissistic, a good businessman—the boy next door. Satan is the boy next door—and the boy next door has made art out of indecent exposure. He lets it bleed and the slow songs crawl out almost menstrually. He beats it off and we all pound with him. Bad. Bad.

The performance is pure ritual. Jagger bounces around; he's effeminate. He's like a peacock, flinging and flapping his red scarf. The rhythms are hard, the music is tough and violent, but Jagger comes on soft and curvey. He projects the complete inversion of the Beatles' All-Amerikan Bungalow Bill. He's everyone's pervert, the King and the Queen.

And "Satisfaction" does it all. Everyone surges forward, everyone leans toward the one figure illuminated in the darkness. The words say one thing, but the message is out of control. "Satisfaction" feels good because it really says how really bad things are. There's no satisfaction in school, in bed, in the Army, on the job, in the movies. And the wild response of the crowd is the thing that proves that's true. The whole audience is moving heavy cause the song is something they can feel. Total revulsion at the death and sterility of bourgeois life and the demand for some way out.

People gotta have satisfaction. People don't wait too long. People pick up guns. People smash states. People make the Revolution.

But that's not what happened at the end of the concert. In fact, the way Jagger put things together, it wouldn't have even fit very well. They finished their street-fighting song and left the stage. People shouted for more; but the Stones were gone for good. Everyone went home missing what might have been an appropriate ending. Mick Jagger's last song could have been "Come together right now over me." He'd drawn the sexual energies of a coliseum full of people into his parcel of flesh—and the crowd, both male and female—seemed a lot more ready to come all over Mick Jagger than find their way to the discipline, modesty, and restraint needed to make a real Revolution. A decadent air hung over the Stadium.

And our current level of struggle—clapping hands, cutting up, busting loose, fucking, blowing weed, and breaking windows—is a far cry from seizing state power. The vietnam war drags on. We aren't half as miserable as most of the world. And a lot of the Revolution so far is just a hip ego-trip. What do groupies, pimps, PR men, and ticket-takers have to do with the Revolution? Mich Jagger is still our wet dream, our illusion of release, a half-assed male-chauvinist prick, not a stone communist revolutionary.

PHOTOS/Thomas R. Copi

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HEY DOUG, GUESS WHAT?

Help!

The Argus is now a commune. We all live at 708 Arch Street, just across from Ferry Field. And we need help. Help in the following ways: Typing. We have room for a full-time typist to live in the house and share the Argus experience with us. Must be fast and accurate and liberated. Reporting. We always have need for more reporters. Just come over and tell us what you'd like to write about, or we will give you a story to write about. Soon you may even be an assistant editor! Selling. Selling the Argus is one of the easiest and fastest and funniest ways of making money in all capitalism. You make 12 cents per paper, and you get to meet people. Lots of regular sellers earn $14 - $20 an hour. Sold over a regular two-week period, a liveable wage can be earned just by selling the Argus. So stop by and we'll rap about it. Anything else you would like to contribute, including art [we really need an artist], comics, photographs [more photographers needed], or IDEAS, stop by.

* * * *

Because nobody STAYS in Ann Arbor over Christmas break, this will be the last issue of the Argus until the first week of January. The end of the decade, into what may be the last decade on the planet.

1970 will be even more politically bizarre than 1969, with the upcoming Conspiracy trials of the Panthers in Connecticut, including Bobby Seale, where we will witness courtroom procedures unprecedented since Nero. Plus seven of the best leaders of our nation will be in jail in Chicago. John Sinclair's conspiracy case should start in February. And the scenario is just starting.

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Birth

PHOTO/Frank Bach

ANN ARBOR, Mich., 10:48 a.m., Thursday, Dec. 4, 1969—the first baby of Woodstock Nation was born today, a lovely girl child. The proud parents are Frank and Bonnie Bach, of 1520 Hill Street. The child is their first. Frank is the famed lead singer for the revolutionary rock 'n' roll band, the UP.

The child, named Una Shiy [an "outer space name"], was delivered by Frank himself, with Bonnie's assistance. Una Shiy's sun is in Sagittarius, her moon is in Libra, and her rising sign is Aquarius.

Frank studied for nine months in preparation for the delivery of the child, as did Bonnie. Frank read six books dealing with midwifery, emergency childbirth, natural childbirth, and painless childbirth, and says he was prepared for all emergencies. He says he was too busy to be nervous.

"Bonnie really did a good job," smiled Frank, handing out cigars like any proud father. "It only took three hours. She panicked a bit when the labor got really heavy, and she didn't practice her natural birth exercises as much as she might have before. But all in all it went pretty smooth."

"It took about six or seven contractions for the head to come out, and after the head came out it just plopped out all at once onto the bed," reports Frank. "The first labor pains began Wednesday night, right after we fucked [which is the last time for the next six weeks Frank and Bonnie can be united in holy sex]. Then in the morning about 8:00 they began, and by 8:30 they got really strong. By 10:15 all the worry and frustration for Bonnie stopped when her whole natural functions were taken up with the actual birth."

Frank and Bonnie wanted to share the holy experience by themselves, so the nearest bystanders had to wait eagerly in the next room. "It was weird," reported one UPster. "First there was this moaning, then this eerie silence, then this crying."

Bonnie says she was "stoned, amazed, and just completely taken aback," at the whole thing. Both thought the experience was so enjoyable that they plan to start on another baby just as soon as Bonnie is in working order again.

Frank and Bonnie have been macrobiotic for over a year, and plan to raise Una Shiy in the same tradition.

Frank offers some advice to some future would-be father/obstetricians: "When I read an article in Reader's Digest a few year's ago by a New York taxicab driver who had had to give birth several times in emergencies, I realized that it was a natural process and not some magic that only doctors can perform. This way it's total participation by father, mother and child, and along with the actual fuck it's the greatest part of having the baby."

Death

PHOTO/Armando

By MARSHALL ROSENTHAL
Special to the Argus

CHICAGO — Fred Hampton,21, chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party, was shot and killed in his bed Dec. 5 by the state attorney's police. Also killed was Mark Clark, Defense Captain of Peoria. Four other Panthers were wounded in the raid on Hampton's apartment, one block from Panther headquarters.

According to police reports, a gun battle began after 15 police from the state attorney's office cordoned off the block and entered the apartment. The raid was made on the basis of a search warrant issued by Circuit Judge Robert Collins after a witness swore he had seen "a large cache of shotguns and other weapons in the building."

Sgt. Daniel Grotch led the raid. He explained what happened this way: "I knocked on the front door, and someone asked, 'Who's there?' I identified myself as a police officer and said I had a warrant to search the premises. I got no response. I repeatedly demanded entry for several minutes. Then I forced the front door with my shoulder. It was only a light touch. As I entered the darkened apartment, I saw a girl on a bed holding a shotgun. As she fired the gun, four of my men fell to the kitchen floor."

Grotch's account, however, doesn't fit the facts of the raid.

Fact: The front door opens into the front room.

Fact: The kitchen is in the back room.

Fact: The front door shows no evidence of being forced open.

Fact: There is a bullet hole in the front door made by a bullet entering the room.

Bobby Rush, Illinois Minister Of Defense, reported that a witness to the raid told him, "I heard a knock on the door. Someone said 'Who's there?' Somebody answered 'Tommy.' Then a gun shot came through the front door."

All police statements insist that the police were attacked, that a wild gun battle ensued, and that the police had a legal right to be there.

Rush calls it "another search and destroy mission." He said, "These vicious murders were implemented by that dog Nixon and (state attorney) Hanrahan and all the rest of the pigs. Hampton never fired back when the pigs came in his back room and shot him in the head. He couldn't have fired back because he was asleep.

"If the Panthers had as many weapons as the pigs say, and if they had fired them, there would be evidence that those weapons had been fired."

A search of the apartment shows no evidence that the Panthers fired. In Hampton's room a blood—stained mattress lies on the floor. Nine bullet holes are in one wall, and 14 more in another. These bullet holes come from guns fired from the kitchen.

In addition, only two cops were injured — one struck in the hand by flying glass and the other grazed by a shotgun pellet on the leg.

A coroner said Hampton was shot twice in the head and once in the left chest and left arm.

The other four Panthers taken to the hospital' Ronald Satchel, 19, shot in the abdomen and left leg; Blair Anderson, 18, shot in the abdomen; Vernon Brewer, 17, shot in the left leg and thigh; and Brenda Harris, 18, shot in the right leg and hand.

Three others were arrested: Deborah Johnson,19; Luis Trueluck, 39; and Harold Bell, 23. They are being charged with attempted murder.

Rush told the press that "The people will beat the pigs to death and just because Chairman Fred has fallen does not signal the end of the Black Panther Party in Illinois.

"When one of us falls, a thousand will take his place."

Contributions to the Fred Hampton Memorial Fund can be sent to the Chicago Seed, 2350 West Madison, Chicago.

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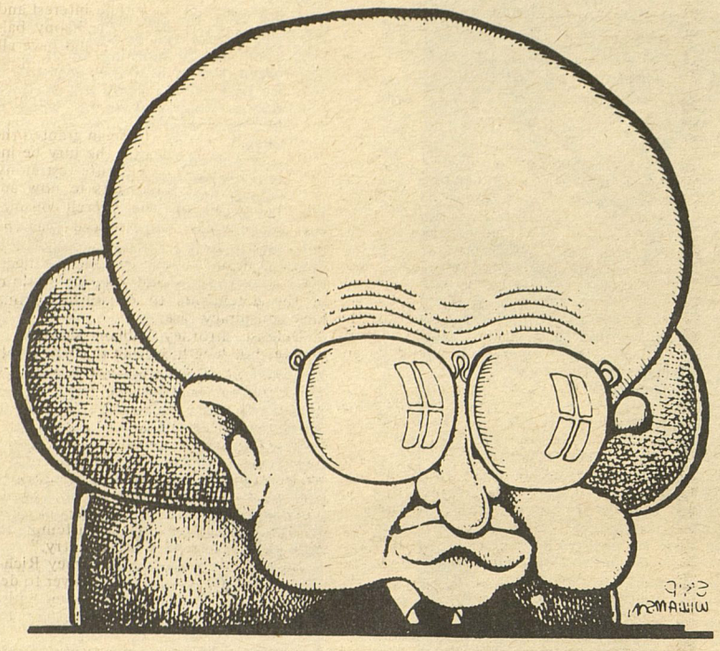
Blind Justice



CHICAGO [LNS] —On February 8, 1949, Superior Court Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman sentenced noted Chicago attorney Paul Pomeroy to one day in Cook County Jail and a fine of $100 for declaring: "This is the lousiest courtroom in the County Building. . .You can't get any justice from this goddamn judge."

Today, the aging Hoffman, a diminutive pile of black laundry bizarrely topped with an overripe casaba melon, would go unnoticed were it not that he sits in judgement over eight of our own. A74 year old man, who after swearing in a jury had to ask his clerk what floor his courtroom is on, has been chosen to derail the onrush of history.

While we look back at his record, let us forget, if we can, that Julius, it is said, dropped a whole lot of bread, maybe fifty or a hundred grand, into somebody's campaign fund or, as one story goes, into a favorite foundation of former Illinois Senator Paul H. Douglas, to assure his Federal appointment. Also that anything he ever got he owed to his wife, Eleanor, a Bensinger girl; that the Bensingers wonned Brunswick Balke-Collander, now Brunswick Corp.; and that Julius, the former director, vice-president and secretary of the same B-B-C in which his wife owns so much stock, might just have a vested interest in war, the one in Vietnam, for instance, and perhaps might not be quite the man to judge his enemies impartially

Hoffman was born in 1895 to a family of first generation Jewish immigrants. Once he overcame the anti-Semitic bigotry of turn-of-the-century America, Hoffman made a virtually effortless ascent to the echelons of power.

On April 7,1936, after practicing law for 21 years, Hoffman was elected to the board of Brunswick-Balke and assumed the still warm seat of old B'E' Bensinger who had recently split this world to look for bigger deals in the next. By April 3 of '39 he was vice president and secretary of the board.

Towards the end of World War II, in 1944, Hoffman sold his stock and resigned his position with Brunswick to become a senior partner in the law firm of Markham, Hungerford, and Sollon.

It was in January of '47 and eight months after his appointment to the Illinois Housing Board by Governor Green, that Julius ran as a coalition candidate for Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County. He won and was installed in December of the same year; his salary at the time was $17,000 per annum. Hoffman's career on the Superior Court bench was uneventful.

On May 13, 1953, Julius Jennings Hoffman received a $2,000 pay cut and cast a fated bid for a place in history, as the United States Senate confirmed his appointment to the Federal bench.

As the trial of our eight brothers entered its third day, Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party rose to his feet to oppose the Judge's order that Seale must be satisfied with the counsel present and forget about the lawyer of his choice, Charles Garry of San Francisco. "If I am continually denied this constitutional right of legal defense. . .by the judge of this court, then I can only see Judge Hoffman as a blatant racist. . ."

As though stiffened by a thousand volts of disbelief, an angered Hoffman thundered, "Sir, I'll have you know that I ordered the desegregation of the first school district in the North," referring to a 1968 decision to desegregate South Holland School District 151 in the south Chicago suburb. One Chicago attorney reflected on the incident saying, "Julius conveniently found that he could do right and at the same time uphold the United States Government. That's important to him."

"Don't speak of racism, sir," Hoffman

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[Editor's Note: One of the most concise and educating political lessons that is currently available on the Amerikan market can be found in Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman's butcherhouse in the Chicago Federal Building, 23rd floor. Daily the honorable Queen Julius astounds even the most hardened political realists with his imaginative interpretations of legal jurisprudence, while his puppeteers, D.A.s Foran and Schultz, quietly smirk. So the following is the transcript of a typical day's proceedings for those that won't make it to Chicago—the day before Bobby Seale was sentenced to four years in prison for contempt of "court."]

MR. WEINGLASS: Isn't it a fact, Mr. Frapolly, that yesterday in response to some of my questions you were not able to recall because unlike Mr. Foran, I hadn't gone over and rehearsed with you for a period of four hours what you were to say in court?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object to that and I ask the jury to be directed to disregard the comments of counsel and I ask that he be admonished.

THE COURT: I sustain the objection and I direct the jury to disregard the question of Mr. Weinstein—Weinglass.

MR WEINGLASS: Mr. Frapolly, would you explain to the jury why you could not recall all the conversations Mr. Foran had questioned you about on Monday?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I object to that and I ask that the jury to be directed to disregard it.
THE COURT: Sustain the objection.
MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, I fail to see what is objectionable about this question. The witness obviously had a very severe failure of memory which he didn't evidence on Monday and I think the jury is entitled to an explanation.
THE COURT: I not only direct the jury to disregard the question, I direct the jury to disregard the last remark of Mr. Weinglass.
MR WEINGLASS: Mr Frapolly, can you remember anything at all that you testified to here in three days that would indicate that the defendants were men of peaceful intent who wanted to come to this city to peacefully demonstrate and who rejected all of your ideas that they participate in violent acts? Can you remember any portion of any conversation to that effect?
MR.FORAN: I object to that.
THE COURT: Sustained.
MR. WEINGLASS: Isn't it a fact, Mr. Frapolly, that the only thing you testified to here in three days definitely were things that were coached and told you and that you could remember because you were coached only dealing with possible indications of the defendants' guilt, isn't that true?
MR. FRAPOLLY: That is not true, sir.
MR. WEINGLASS: That is not true? You were with these men from August 9 to August 30. Could you give the jury one conversation that you would recall that would indicate that these men were men of peaceful intent? Did you hear one conversation of that effect in the three weeks?
MR. FORAN: Object.
THE COURT: I sustain it.
MR. WEINGLASS: If Your Honor please, the buckles on the leather strap holding Mr. Seale's hand is digging into his hand and he appears to be trying to free his hand from that pressure. Could he be assisted?
THE COURT: If the marshal has concluded that he needs assistance, of course.
[The jurors, who have been hustled out to the jury room more times than they or anyone else can remember, are on their feet even as the judge turns toward them.]
I will excuse you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, with my usual orders.
[As the jury files out, the Chief Marshall moves to inspect Bobby Seale's bindings. Seale struggles against the straps. Other marshalls restrain him forcefully.]
MR KUNSTLER: Your Honor, when are we going to stop this medieval torture that is going on in this courtroom? I think this is a disgrace. [Jerry Rubin attempts to aid Seale, he is roughly shoved away.]
MR. RUBIN: This guy is putting his elbow in Bobby's mouth and it wasn't necessary at all!
MR. KUNSTLER: This is no longer a court of order, Your Honor; this is a medieval torture chamber! It is a disgrace! They are assaulting the other defendants also!
MR. SEALE [who has managed to work off his gag]: Don't hit me in my balls, motherfucker! [He pulls furiously at the leather strap.] This motherfucker is tight and it is stopping my blood!
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, this is an unholy disgrace to the law that is going on in this courtroom and I as an American lawyer feel disgraced.
MR. FORAN: Created by Mr. Kunstler!
MR. KUNSTLER: Created by nothing other than what you have done to this man!
MR. RUBIN: You come down here and vatch it, Judge.
MR. FORAN: May this record show that the outbursts are the defendant Rubin.
MR. SEALE [Screaming at knot of marshals who now surround him]: You fascist dogs, you rotten low-life son-of-a-bitch. I am glad I said it about Washington used to have slaves, the first President—"
MR DELLINGER: Somebody go to protect him!
MR. FORAN: Your Honor, may the record show that it is Mr. Dellinger saying someone go to protect him and the other comment is by Mr. Rubin.
MR. RUBIN: May the record show that Foran is a Nazi!
THE COURT: Everything you say will be taken down.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, we would like the names of the marshals. We are going to ask for a judicial investigation of the entire condition and the entire treatment of Bobby Seale.
THE COURT: [Angry, admonitorily] You ask for anything that you want. When you begin to keep your word around here that you gave the court perhaps things can be done!
MR. KUNSTLER: [gesticulating] If we are going to talk about works I am prepared to give you back your words about Mr. Ball [Stu Ball, a member of the Conspiracy legal staff] yesterday and what he said you said to him. We have the transcript now.
THE COURT: Don't point at me, sir, in that manner!
MR. KUNSTLER: I just feel so utterly ashamed to be an American lawyer at this time!
THE COURT: [Sharply] You should be ashamed of your conduct in this case, sir!
MR. KUNSTLER: What conduct. . .when a client is treated in this manner!
THE COURT: [exasperated] We will take a brief recess!
MR. KUNSTLER: Can we have somebody with Mr.

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instructed Seale. "There is none in this courtroom." Yet many of his past decisions savor of what the Panther's accusation implied.

On January 30,1954, less than a year after his appointment to the federal bench Hoffman sentenced a black Korean War vet, with four battle stars, to a year and a day for a $95 debt to the Veterans Administration.

"I just can't assume the responsibility of putting a convicted burglar on the street."

The convicted burglar, John C McDonald, 26, married and the father of two, had been sentenced to two years for a Birmingham, Alabama, burglary in 1944, when he was 16 years old.

While attending radio school under the GI bill in Birmingham, McDonald was informed that he had wrongfully collected $150, as his schooling was not full time. On a salary of $90 a week he managed to pay back $55 but was subsequently indicted by the Birmingham Grand Jury.

Why hadn't the defendant returned to Birmingham and pleaded "not guilty", inquired Hoffman. "You know what they do to Negroes in the South, Your Honor," responded McDonald's lawyer.

"I can't take judicial notice of such an argument," blustered Hoffman. "I won't take the chestnuts of the US Court in Birmingham out of the fire."

Hoffman refused to lower McDonald's sentence on February 12, advising both defendant and counsel alike that, "If there is any judge on the bench who looks after underprivileged members of other races, it's me. I don't want to hear about racist discrimination because there is none in this courtroom."

On June 2, 1959, this self-proclaimed advocate of underprivileged minorities dismissed what could have been his most significant civil rights decision. James and Flossie Monroe had charged in a suit that on October 29,1958, Lt. Frank Pape and twelve other Chicago policemen had broken into their home, assaulting James Monroe, calling him "black boy" and "nigger", kicking their four-year-old son and incarcerating Monroe at Police Headquarters on "open charges."

Julius threw the suit out because "it failed to state a claim on which relief could be granted" and that the Monroes had not exhausted their action in the lower courts.

The U.S. Supreme Court saw differently however, and on February 20, 1961, reversed Hoffman in an 8-1 decision, Justice William O. Douglas,in his opinion alluded to the Ku Klux Klan act of 1871, saying "it affords a right (to sue) in federal court because, by reason of passion, prejudce, neglect, intolerance or otherwise, state law might not be enforced." The Monroe vs. Pape precedent opened the door for many federal suits against illegal police action.

In August of 1962, again acting in his capacity of messiah of the oppressed, Hoffman dismissed an antisegregation suit which contended that while there were 20,000 empty desks in Chicago schools, 30,000 students, 98% of whom were black, attended classes in double shifts because of "overcrowding," Hoffman's opinion no doubt received wide acclaim at City Hall. He malifluently acknowledged that, "The court is certain that Superintendant Benjamin Willis, being the great man, the great educator, and wise and courageous administrator that he is, will see to it that Chicago schools are completely integrated."

Dick Daley's honcho Willis, on the other hand, held the position that Chicago schools had always been integrated.

And so the trial in Chicago continues with the judge, as the New York Times put it, the greatest issue.

STOP THE TRIAL

'Oh, Magoo, You've Done It Again'

CHICAGO [LNS]—Loud groans erupted in the courtroom of the Conspiracy 7 trial here Nov. 25 as Judge Julius Hoffman reversed his decision on the Conlisk subpeona and turned what the defense had considered its "major victory" into a major rout

On Nov. 19, Hoffman had upheld a modified defense subpoena requiring Police Superintendent Conlisk to provide the defense with the names of all personnel assigned to undercover work on convention–related activities. Corporation Counsel for Conlisk hurried in the next day and asked the judge to reverse his decision, claiming the information was "privileged" – the whole police department would fall apart if the defense got its hands on the same information the prosecution has, agents would be attacked, current operations would be endangered, and so on.

It took Hoffman five days to figure a way out of his dilemma. On the 25th in a fifteen minute pseudo-liberatrian rap, he noted that the claim of "privileged information" applies only to private citizens acting as informers and not to police officers. He affirmed that the "impropriety of the police department in opening its files to the prosecution and not to the defense is particularly acute in a Conspiracy case," and said that if the government is unwilling to disclose evidence, then it may not prosecute the case.

Right on! Good ol' Judge Hoffman, not such a fascist after all, everyone was thinking. Then came the BUT. "Legitimate public interests" demanded that the subpeona be watered down to "strike a balance between the public interest and the defendant's rights." The happy balance was that the defense could have all the information they wanted, "excluding such material that would reveal the identity of police officers who are currently in undercover activities."

Earlier in the day Hoffman granted the prosecution's motion that the jury be instructed to consider all future testimony against individual defendants to now apply to them all on the overall conspiracy charge. The judge agreed that the prosecution had presented enough evidence of "joint action" through the meetings, conversations and training sessions of the defendants to establish a prima facie conspiracy case.

Defense attorney William Kunstler disagreed at length, stating that the meetings cited by the prosecution as evidence of conspiracy were "wholly legal," many of them arranged to negotiate permits to march and sleep in Chicago parks; that the training sessions were of a strictly defensive nature; that the testimony of the prosecution's witnesses was frequently contradictory; and finally that the whole prosecution case was "a marked example of government oppression, an attempt to stifle and kill dissent in this country."

Assistant U.S. District Attorney Richard Schultz did not deign to answer to defense charges – "I'll not waste time replying to the nonsense of Mr. Kunstler," he said, and Judge Hoffman smiled.

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Seale? We don't trust. . .

THE COURT: He's not your client, you said!

MR. KUNSTLER: We are speaking for the other seven.

THE COURT: The marshals will take care of him.

MR. RUBIN: They'll take care of him alright.

THE COURT: [to stenographer] Take that down. The court will be in recess!

[As the judge moves swiftly from the courtroom, members of the press crowd around the defendants' table writing vigorously in their notebooks. Hurriedly, marshals remove Bobby Seale to the lockup. Other marshals swiftly clear the courtroom of spectators.]

[The session has been resumed: The full cast is reassembled. The judge, standing surveys the defendants' side of the courtroom. All but two of the defendants are seated, refusing to rise upon the judge's return to the bench.]

THE COURT: Let the record show that. . .Are all of the defendants here?

MR. SCHULTZ: No, your Honor. Mr. Weiner is not here.

THE COURT: We will have to wait until he comes. . .[Immediately, Lee Weiner enters the courtroom and slips into a seat at Defendants' table.] **Let the record show that none of the defendants have risen other than Mr. Froines and—**

MR.SCHULTZ: [helpfully] Hayden.

THE COURT: —and Mr. Hayden.

THE MARSHAL: The Court will now resume its session. [The judge seats himself.]

THE COURT: [To Leonard Weinglass] Will you continue with your cross examination?

MR. WEINGLASS: If your Honor please, I would like to inform the Court that the reason the other defendants are not rising, I am told, is because Mr. Seale is not able to rise due to the fact that he is shackled to his chair and they are sitting in silent protest of that fact.

I further would like to inform the Court that standing here at this lectern, I am just five feet from a man who is shackled and gagged and tied, and who, when the jury is not in this courtroom. . .

THE COURT: [sharply] Will you continue with your cross examination?

MR. WEINGLASS: . . .is physically assaulted by the marshals. . .

THE COURT: If you have any observation about some other thing, I will permit you to make it at the end of your cross examination.

MR. WEINGLASS: I am attempting to explain to the court why it is impossible for me to proceed with my cross examination of this witness.

THE COURT: If it isn't possible, then you may sit down.

MR. WEINGLASS: It is becoming—I think it will soon be apparent to the Court that it is increasingly difficult for this proceeding to continue in any sort of an orderly fashion while one man is sitting here gagged, bound and beaten.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, may I ask the jury be excused? [The jurors begin to rise.] *I object to Mr. Weinglass' statement as wholly improper.*

THE COURT: Do you want to continue with your cross examination?

MR. WEINGLASS: I do not.

THE COURT: Then you may sit down.

MR. WEINGLASS: At this point I would like to move the Court, as a motion of the defendants to poll the jury to see whether or not the jurors feel they can continue this case with orderly deliberations while one man is sitting here receiving the treatment that Mr. Seale is being given in this room.

THE COURT: Deliberations. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: May we have a voir dire examination for this purpose?

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, may the ury be excused?

THE COURT: Yes. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you may be excused with the usual orders you have been given for the day. [The jury files out]

MR. FORAN: That statement of counsel was the worst attempt to corrupt the jury that I have ever seen attempted by any lawyer and the Government protests and asks that counsel be admonished.

MR. WEINGLASS: I insist you admonish Mr. Foran. I have just made a motion, it is a legal motion, it is proper—it is proper for an attorney before the Court whenever in the course of a legal proceedings he feels that a jury cannot continue with the orderly process of deliberation, to voir dire that jury. I have made that motion. I have made it in legal form. Mr. Foran knows there is nothing improper about it. However, he insists on answering that motion by a personal attack on me saying that is the grossest miscon luct.

We have had Mr. Foran sitting at Counsel table acting as an attorney but seconding as some kind of an agent watching whom we talk to at this table and reporting to the Court; holding private conferences with Mr. Kunstler and myself, and then advising this Court as Mr. Schultz did of the private comment that Mr. Kunstler gave to him—both a gross breach of an attorney's ethics.

We haven't, by the way, advised the Court of Mr. Schultz' answer to Mr. Kunstler. Mr. Kunstler, in that private conversation, asked him about the quality of the witness who he is bringing in.

Mr. Schultz said, "We are scraping the bottom of the barrel."

MR. SCHULTZ: [leaping to his feet, flushed; darts toward the lectern] That is not true. That is not—Mr. Weinglass was not there. Mr. Weinglass. . .If the Court Please!—

MR WEINGLASS: Mr. Kunstler advised me of it and it is true.

MR. SCHULTZ: If the Court please! Mr. Weinglass' conduct in this case is a shameful thing! A shameful thing!

MR. WEINGLASS: Could we have a. . .

MR. SCHULTZ: Mr. Weinglass in front of this jury. . .

THE COURT: Mr. Weinglass, you made a vile. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: You are going to have to hear from me because I am at the lectern and not Mr. Schultz. Are you going to permit him to interrupt?

THE COURT: Yes. Now you have. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: I am at the lectern. . .

THE COURT: You made a vile accusation about the. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: I have asked the Court for the normal privilege to answer the comments of the prosecution, and I have been denied it. I am being denied it after waiting for the prosecutor to finish his argument. Now Mr. Schultz interrupts me in the middle of mine and your Honor recognizes him, and that is the kind of treatment, duplicitous treatment that has been going on here for five weeks, and I object to it. I object to it!

THE COURT: You may continue, sir.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor will recall at the beginning of this case I made a legal motion that this jury was improperly selected because persons who were not registered voters were excluded from the courtroom and I cited case law and I cited facts.

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The College Prof

By HOWARD KOHN

Mayor Robert Harris' liberal credentials are no longer suspect—they've been cancelled.

Harris was elected in April of this year, the first Democratic mayor in 36 years. A canvassing campaign that corralled blacks and students won the election in a major upset.

The Mayoral Election: In which Harris wins a chair

Liberals saw the election as a lucky chance to do a few things for the city's oppressed peoples, conceding the mayor's chair back to the Republicans in 1970. Harris, however, apparently sees it as a chance to build a personal power base by playing concensus politics.

Accordingly, Harris has proposed a new anti-discrimination code that seems to give the Human Relations Commission some meaningful tools like cease-and-desist, subpeona and fining powers.

But to satisfy the law-and-order people Harris wants to abolish the autonomy of HRC, rename it the Human Rights Department and place it under the jurisdiction of the Chamber-of-Commerce-controlled city administrator. Further he suggests eliminating the HRC staff, which does much of the independent thinking and people-to-people work.

And to additionally sabotage the power of the renamed HRC, he wants a loophole big enough to drive another winning election through. Apparently he thinks blacks will vote for him no matter how much he shafts them.

Under his proposal, people who have complaints about discrimination can bring them to the renamed HRC. BUT the guy who's doing the discriminating can take the complaint to court, where he'll have to prove his case beyond reasonable doubt. If the complaintant can't prove it to the satisfaction of 12 jurors—[and what are the chances of getting at least one redneck on the jury?]—he has to pay all court costs and damages.

Obviously the financial risk is going to be too high for people—especially a poor black person—who would press complaints against the prestigious or powerful discriminators, e.g. the University of Michigan, where Harris is a law professor.

Above all, Harris wants to avoid controversy, which embarasses him. HRC so far has been responsible for exposing him to issues where Harris has to take a stand. He doesn't like doing that, because it interferes with his strategy of concensus politics.

The ultimate indication of Harris' bankruptcy as a human being has been his backroom moves to force out David Cowley and Bob Hunter, HRC director and assistant director, respectively.

Cowley resigned early this mojth, giving in to the pressure. Hunter says he won't make it easy on Harris—that Harris will have to fire him.

The Chauncey-Wagner Incident: In which Harris 'deals' himself out

Cowley and Hunter put Harris on the spot in the Chauncey-Wagner case in the first month of his administration.

Ray Chauncey, on assignment from HRC to investigate alleged discrimination in the Star Bar, was arrested and beaten by Wade Wagner, then a city cop.

This was on a Friday night. On the following Sunday, several people, including Harris and Chauncey, got together. Harris immediately began questioning Chauncey about how many drinks he'd had and how he acted at the police station and later at the hospital. Chauncey said he was sober and rational and hadn't insulted any cops or nurses. Later he got a signed statement from the hospital to back up his statement.

"We thought that Harris, being a good liberal, was just playing devil's advocate to make sure we had a good case for Chauncey," Hunter explains. "Then we found out we couldn't have been further from the truth."

Chauncey had been charged with disorderly conduct when he was booked. On Sunday Harris told the group that charges had been dropped.

But on Monday, Harris called Chauncey, Cowley and Hunter in to talk to Peter Forsythe [then city attorney, now U-M general counsel] and Guy Larcom [city administrator]. Forsythe told Chauncey the charges would be dropped only IF Chauncey agreed not to sue the city.

Chauncey told Harris and his lackeys to shove it, that he wasn't going to make any deals which would tacitly admit guilt and that he WAS going to sue [which he is going to do].

The HRC, a 12-man commission which supervises the HRC director and his staff, then announced it would investigate the entire incident. Harris countered by dispatching Larcom to do a second investigation.

When the investigations were finished, Harris released Larcom's to the press and filed away the HRC's. Larcom's account contained several factual errors, which were pointed out to Harris but never corrected. Larcom also passed over the beating with one sentence in the 12-page report, arguing that since Wagner had already quit and joined Sheriff Douglas Harvey's crew "we need not attempt to recapture all the elements of this incident."

Instead he devotes his report to unsubstantiated allegations about Chauncey's conduct and concludes with a recommendation that Chauncey be reviewed and possibly removed.

The HRC account, on the other hand,

The Problem Revisited

By ROGER DAVIS

Culminating a three day trial, a jury of eleven women and one man last week acquitted Michael Dover of riot felony charges stemming from last June's rebellion on South University St.

The trial was to be the first of four cases to come to trial out of 21 felony arrests during three nights of street fighting. As the Argus went to press, however, it was learned that Washtenaw County prosecutors' office had offered a deal to the remaining defendants. In exchange for a guilty plea on the lesser charge of contention, felony charges against the three would be dropped. It was not known whether the offer would be accepted.

In addition, one person, Bairj Donabedian, was recently convicted of carrying a dangerous weapon in the South U battles. He was sentenced to a fine and three years probation.

The plea offers are seen as an admission of failure on the part of the prosecutors to convict anyone under the state riot statute passed in response to the Detroit rebellion of July 1967. Lawyers Robert Meader and James Beek, attorneys for Judy Boise and John Staff, attribute the offers in great part to Dover's acquittal. "There was no talk of any offers before Dover's case," Meader told the Argus. Beek explained, "I think they saw the light after losing the first case."

There had been talk of a reduced charge all along in Dover's case. Shortly after he was arrested, Dover was offered reduced charges in exchange for testifying in connection with the CIA bombing of the fall of 1968.

Assistant prosecutor Thomas Shea told Dover, "I know you know" who did the bombings, and informed him that he had been periodically under surveillance [not to mention other intelligence devices such as tapped phones] ever since the Fifth Estate published an anonymously written interview with one of the bombers shortly after they occurred.

At the time, Dover was writing Ann Arbor-datelined stories in the bombings and other subjects for Liberation News Service and the Guardian. Because the interview came via LNS from Ann Arbor, Shea and the FBI came to the conclusion that Dover must have conducted it.

Soon after the pre-trial examination, Dover was subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury that later indicted John Sinclair Pun Plamondon and James Forrest for the bombing. Dover, however, was not forced to testify.

Later, just before the trial, Shea told Dover's attorney, Terrence O'Hagan, that he would not reduce charges because Dover refused to testify to what he didn't know and because Dover belongs to a number of subversive organizations, including one called the Liberation Front.

"How'd they guess?" Dover admits. "They finally broke our security. I'm on the central staff of the American Liberation Front. We're organized after the Algerian Liberation Front, with each cadre knowing only his immediate superior and two recruits. Already we have 450,000 dedicated organizers. Yippie!"

As for the trial, the jury heard two defense witnesses, Don Tapert and Tom Long, place Dover on the other side of the street from where the officers testified the missiles were thrown. Michigan Daily Executive Sports Editor Andrew Barbas testified that someone who looked similar to, but wasn't, Dover threw the objects in question. Dover testified that he had

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★ ★ ★ SPECIAL ★ ★ ★

"EXOTIC FUN AND SEX" AT THE VFW BUILDING

By HOWARD KOHN

Jack Garris' drive to recall Mayor Robert Harris and the Democratic city councilmen has fallen short of the needed signatures. But Garris says he will try again, hoping to get enough signatures in time for the February primary.

Garris is chairman of the Concerned Citizens Committee which claims the Democrats have allowed obscenity and immorality to flourish in Ann Arbor.

Garris was commander of the Ann Arbor VFW from 1961–63. To help raise money for the annual convention in 1963, Garris decided to sponsor a "stag night" in the upstairs hall of the VFW Building on E. Liberty.

Richard Green, manager of the building, helped set up the night's entertainment. Garris advertised it among the city's elite as a night of "exotic fun and sex, with special exhibitions" for a cost of $50 (inclu ling a meal).

The entertainment was a success, with strippers and stag films attracting a turn-away crowd. However, among the guests who got inside were detectives from the Washtenaw County vice squad.

They arrested everyone in the place, including an off-duty state trooper, and a member of the state legislature. Many of the people arrested are now vocal members of the Concerned Citizens Committee.

Garris was late arriving to the "stag night" because he was eating dinner at the home of Judge S.J. Elden. When he arrived at the hall, Garris found a tall stranger barring his way.

Garris loudly announced he was chairman of the VFW and wanted to get in. The man at the door told Garris he could go in if he wanted to get arrested,too.

Garris blanched and fled home.

The list of names of those arrested was never disclosed and prosecution was dismissed after an embarrassed interval. The judge with whom Garris ate dinner that evening reportedly is the only judge who saw the list of names.

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confirms the beating and stresses the anti-social behavior of the police. Harris has ordered this report remain muffled.

From the beginning of the incident, Police Chief Walter Krasny had been attacking HRC and Cowley in the press, Cowley had answered him, but Harris and the HRC commissioners [including five Harris appointees] had been conspicuously silent.

The Police Review Board: In which Harris chews out Krasny

When Cowley confronted Harris, asking for public support, Harris replied by putting a ban on all press releases from city employees.

Shortly after the Chauncey incident, Harris appointed an ad hoc committee to review the police and the HRC. When the committee recommended a civilian review board as a watchdog on the police, Krasny issued a lengthy rebuttal to the press—which the Ann Arbor News printed in full.

This was in direct violation of Harris' ban. Yet Harris did not censure Krasny in writing. He says he "chewed out Krasny so he wouldn't do it again"—but people at city hall doubt whether Harris has the courage to stand up to Krasny on anything. Last week, for instance, Krasny publicly asked for Chauncey's resignation. Harris again did nothing. He explained that Krasny "was sorry the quote had gotten in the newspapers."

Yet Harris wrote a three-page condemnation of Cowley, calling him a neo-McCarthyite, for something Cowley didn't even do.

This situation developed early in October when Jimmy Johnson, 16, black, was hit by a car while riding his bike. Though Jimmy complained he was hurt, and though his bike was obviously smashed, the attending cop did not take the name of the driver or license number of the car.

Later Jimmy's mother took him to the hospital, which treated him for a broken thumb and lacerations of his leg.

Jimmy's mother then complained to Ron Raettig of the OEO, who relayed the message to Cowley. Cowley sent a memo to Larcom, requesting he check into it, and included carbon copies to Raettig and Harris.

Raettig showed the memo to Jimmy's mother, who released it to the Ann Arbor News. When Harris saw the story in the paper, he accused Cowley of breaking the house rules.

Cowley explained what had happened. But Harris did not believe him. And without checking it out, Harris blasted Cowley in a written report:

"The matter is more than a technicality," Harris wrote. "It is the crux of the fight about McCarthyism 15 years ago. I don't believe the commission really endorses the procedures of the late senator from Wisconsin. If these procedures were wrong when he used them against alleged Communists, they are wrong when current HRC personnel inadvertently use them against allegedly negligent police officers."

Also, for no reason except his own, Harris included Hunter in the report. As assistant director, Hunter had vocally challenged Harris' reluctance to criticize the police. Seemingly Harris wanted to group Cowley and Hunter together as the "alleged enemy."

Harris sent the report to Lloyd Williams, chairman of HRC, on Oct. 9. Five days later, only after everyone at city hall had heard about it on the grapevine, did Harris send Cowley a copy of the report.

In the report Harris told Williams to "take such action as you deem appropriate" against Cowley—Williams told Harris he was out of line for not getting the facts first.

But Cowley and Hunter understood the report as a personal attack—not just a mix-up in the bureaucracy.

"I went to Harris and told him exactly how it all happened," Cowley explains privately. "His report pointedly ignores what I told him."

"This is a clear indication to me that Harris is a racist bastard who wants his house niggers to keep the field niggers in line," Hunter storms. "Harris is nothing more than a slick politician who wants to broaden his base of support by pandering to the police."

The Human Relations Commission: To which Harris gives no humanism

Cowley offered his resignation two weeks later. Because Cowley believes Harris deserves another chance, and out of respect to Harris' support of him during the previous administration of Republican Mayor Wendell Hulcher, Cowley has been careful not to detail his reasons for quitting.

He says he's just going to pack up and go teach in Toronto "to get out of an untenable position."

Hunter is not as polite about Harris' maneuvering. "It's clear to me that Harris wants to get all dissenters out of city hall," Hunter says.

Normally Hunter would be the automatic choice as the new director, since he's now assistant director. But sources at city hall say the job may go to Eddie Martin, former Chamber of Commerce executive and now a University of Michigan public relations man.

"I'll still be here," Hunter promises. "Unless Krasny and Harris figure out a way to put me behind bars."

Harris, however, doesn't plan on staying around city hall. Confidants say he's interested in running for lieutenant governor on the 1970 Democratic ticket.

This, then, is the story of the good liberal professor who wanted to set things right at city hall.

Goes to City Hall

Part of the Solution

By MARY WREFORD

On Monday, November 17, the Ann Arbor City Council met to discuss the report of Councilman Robert Faber [D-2nd Ward] on the recommendations for solving the "youth problem" in Ann Arbor. The Faber Report is a study done by Councilmen Nicholas Kazarinoff and Robert Faber on the "disorders" that occurred on South University this summer. The principle recommendations it makes are for bettering youth facilities within the city [i.e. creating a People's Park on South U]. The goal of the Councilmen in making such recommendations is to eliminate some of the dissatisfaction and frustration of the city's youth, so as to prevent any further "disorders."

Representatives of the White Panther Party attended the Council meeting, and as an alternative to the Faber Report, presented the Councilmen with the "White Panther Report on the Youth Culture, the South University "Disorders," and the "Community Interaction Project." Panther Minister of Education Skip Taube acted as spokesman for the group, and read the section of the report which contains the White Panthers' 10 recommendations on the "youth problem."

The Panther 10-point program for serving the needs of the youth culture is:

[1] South University from Washtenaw to State Street, and State Street from South University to Huron, should be closed to all motor traffic, and South U between South Forest and East University should be made into a people's mall. Citizens in this area should be encouraged to walk rather than ride. This action will also serve the people of the University of Michigan campus as well as the youth and the general consumer trade. A permanent bandstand should be erected on South U and East U, and another one at South State and Liberty Streets, for open-air concerts and speeches when desired by the merchants and residents of the area. People's art exhibitions could be mounted in the mall areas and the spirit and color of the annual art fair could be extended all year around.

[2] The city should set aside a large plot of land, preferably in the campus area or close by, on which could be built suitable facilities for youth and community needs, as Councilmen Faber and Kazarinoff have suggested. This area could be designated as the youth center area and used all year round by the youth community and anyone else who desired to use it. The facilities should include a spacious people' ilities should include a spacious people's park, with a playground area for small children and an outdoor bandshell for concerts and rallies; a large enclosed auditorium for dances, concerts, meetings, and general gatherings; smaller buildings for restaurants, coffeehouses and more intimate gatherings; a book and record store, general store and open newsstand; and a building which could be used for community meetings, classrooms, art exhibitions and other functions. As much as possible the youth should be involved in planning the buildings, helping build them, decorate, design and staff them, organizing and managing the various activities there, etc., because only in that manner will they learn to provide for their own needs and determine their own destinies, and they will rightly feel a closer union with the whole facility, and derive much more use from it, because they were involved in its creation and will continue to be involved in its functioning. The city, perhaps in cooperation with local industry and merchants, should provide an initial amount of equipment for the center, including a rugged public address system, a set of musical equipment including amplifiers, a mimeograph machine and electronic stencil-cutting machine, silk-screen equipment, a small offset press, a larger offset press for posters and tabloid newspapers, a photographic laboratory, tape recorders and recording equipment, closed-circuit television and 16-mm. film facilities including an editing room and other technology so the youth can learn to operate the equipment and create their own newspapers, posters, films, photographic works, paintings, musical compositions, records, books, movies, television programs, and other means of human expression in this age. By making these tools available to them the established culture can demonstrate to the youth that they are talents that will be of value to them and to the whole community for years to come.

[3] A youth-oriented and largely youth-operated liberated school should be located on the youth center area where the youth could help educate each other to learn what they need to know in order to survive and grow in the new age of cybernation and electronic technology. The school would use the equipment listed in point [2], above, and could also develop a liberty through cooperation with university students and the local bookstores, and guidance could be solicited from regular school teachers, college students, people from the general community with special and general skills and knowledge to offer, and from the youth culture itself. The function of the school would be to teach the youth and to help them learn what they want and need to know. Each youth would naturally develop his own course of study and would be supplied as much as possible with the technology and the materials he needed for his particular discipline. During the "school year" students and non-students alike could pursue their wider studies at the people's community school and be given a chance to develop whatever it is they want to develop. Musicians, poets, editors, designers, and all kicds of artists and visionaries could be called upon to work with the community and share their knowledge and skills with the people. Of course this wouldn't apply only to the youth, but to all the citizens of the area once the school was established.

[4] The city should permit and encourage the establishment of youth kiosks and newspapers, magazines and books of special interest to the youth culture, and for disseminating free information about community events and community services. These kiosks and newsstands should be operated by youth groups whenever possible.

[5] The city should endorse the creation of a youth newspaper within the Ann Arbor News and should encourage the News to devote more space to youth news that is relevant to the youth of Ann Arbor. This program should include writers from the youth culture and would go a long way toward beginning a real dialogue between the youth culture and the established culture. The local radio stations should also be encouraged to initiate youth-training programs whereby young people could learn to operate radio and television equipment, produce programs, and communicate with their own people through the mass media. This would also increase the possibility of real communication between the youth culture and the established culture.

[6] Youth hostels should be established and operated by the city's youth, with positive governmental and health organizational supervision, for young visitors to Ann Arbor and other people passing through the area who wanted to investigate the city's youth program. Buildings could be bought by the city or donated by land-owners and could be repaired and renovated by youth work crews who would then be responsible for maintaining and operating the hostels. Paint and other materials could be donated by local merchants who are interested in involving themselves in the community service program.

[7] A free health clinic should be established in the youth center area which could be staffed by hospital and university medical and psychiatric personnel and administered by the youth themselves. The clinic

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PHOTO/Kip Mercure

PIG

By KEN KELLEY

The two chief politicians of law enforcement in Ann Arbor spoke to their constituency last Wednesday night, Dec. 3. About 200 assorted freaks, nuns, and parents heard Police Chief Walter Krasny and Washtenaw County Sheriff Doug Harvey address themselves to the problems of "Law Enforcement in Ann Arbor" at St. Thomas Church.

Chief Krasny whiled away his time by chronicling the reasons Ann Arbor has changed since 1960, when there was only a "nominal police force." He traced it back to the civil rights movement and the "so-called Freedom Rides," and concluded that the "forces within our society advocating the total overthrow of our kind of government" have sharply increased in Ann Arbor since that time. "Maybe they'll succeed, and if they do I'll be the first one to accept it, providing it's done at the voting place. I've always been a great believer in the power of the ballot box."

Krasny concluded his speech with some timely advice for our troubled times: "I get criticized by the Republicans for quoting a Democrat, but I think what our late President Kennedy said has a lesson for all of us. He said, 'What this country needs is more leadership and less salesmanship.' I think that's especially true now—we need leadership. Of course you can't have leadership without salesmanship, and it's very important for a leader to be a salesman, too."

Then came Harvey's turn, for which he was allotted 20 minutes. He wasted no words but got right down to the nitty-gritty. "The way to secure better lawenforcement is by getting trash like this off the streets," he shouted, holding up the Argus with the story of his rape of a 15-year-old girl in it. The freaks, occupying the first four rows, cheered wildly at his demonstration. Harvey then said there was no reason for him to continue and that he'd just as soon get to the questions.

White Panther Minister of Education Skip Taube asked on what side Wade Wagner, the ex-city cop who beat up a black investigator from the Human Relations Commission last summer, would play in the up coming Pig Bowl. Wagner had "resigned" from the police force and was immediately hired by Harvey.

Harvey said that Wade Wagner was a fine policeman, with "lots of experience in law enforcement," and that he would not engage in personality debates. He would not, in fact, even defend himself. "I will not defend myself," he said.

A lady in the back of the room then asked what she, and parents like her, could do to stop "this kind of smut"—again a copy of the Argus was held aloft—from entering the unsuspecting hands of her innocent Huron High School son.

"Tear his eyes out," shouted Taube.

"Let the courts handle it," said Krasny.

"We'll take care of them," assurred Harvey.

The subject then moved to narcotics. There has been a tremendous increase in the narcotics traffic, reported Krasny, which he said menat heroin and marijuana and "pills." He was pressed by some concerned citizens why he was concentrating so heavily on arresting people for such a harmless substance as grass. "Our job is to enforce the law," he replied righteously. "Maybe you guys like to go to pot parties, but I've seen the result of such parties—I've seen people who've gone crazy and lost their minds. Besides, the clinical evidence has not been completed yet."

Someone asked Harvey why he used animals—apparently a specific reference to actual canine animals—against people. "We never send dogs after people," he said. "If in a riot situation someone gets close enough to a dog to get bitten, he deserves to get bit," explained the sheriff.

The rest of the meeting from that point on degenerated into a circus, with the young people present unable to contain their mirth disgust against the arrogant onslaught by the Society Preservationists. One worried parent earnestly inquired of Krasny "how we as parents can make our children have respect for the law."

"Law enforcement begins at home," Krasny told her. "The biggest problems we have to face now are a direct result of parents simply refusing to say to their children one word—N-O, 'No', when the

PRE

Pig Bowl

By THOMAS R. COPI

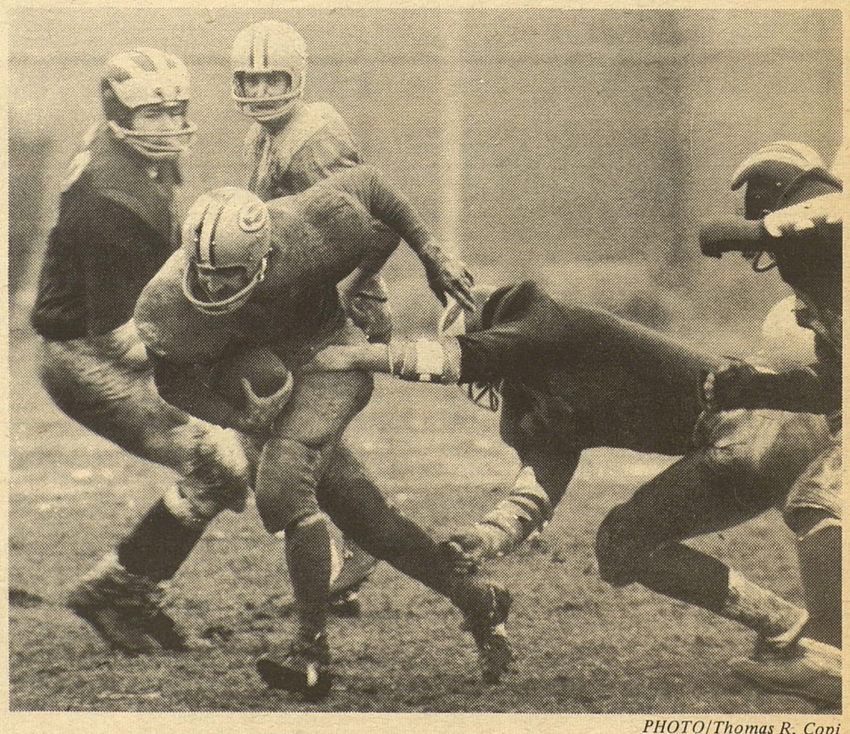
Sports Editor

Powerless without their mace, and unable to move the ball without the aid of their riot gear, Sheriff Douglas J. (for Jet) Harvey's pigs wallowed to a 0—19 defeat at the hands of the Ann Arbor police department Sunday, in the first annual Pig Bowl.

The Ann Arbor Police were designated as "goats" so as to avoid confusion on the part of the fans who turned out to cheer for their favorite pigs.

But it was simply a case of pigs in goats' clothing. Nonetheless, the "goats" were able to come up with the big plays when they were needed, and walked away with the Pig Bowl Trophy, an antique hog-slopping bucket. The "goats" scored on plays of 50, 40 and 60 yards, although they were unable to move the (heh-heh) pigskin with any regularity otherwise. The pigs, on the other hand, were unable to move the ball at all.

The proceeds from the game, which may actually become an annual event, went toward the purchase of Christmas toys for needy children in Washtenaw County.



PHOTO/Thomas R. Copi

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problem arises. If children see that they can FLOUNT (sic) the law at home, nothing's going to stop them when they are let loose on the streets."

"That's right," said Harvey. "Walt speaks from 20 years of law enforcement I know that since 1965 I've DOUBLED the Sheriff's Department to combat the rising increase in crime."

Why, then, are there seven unsolved murders in Harvey's domain, and such incredible bungling and bickering among the city, county and state police, a parent wanted to know.

"That's untrue," said Harvey. "We cooperate very closely with all law enforcement agencies concerned. Besides, there are only six unsolved murders."

Where, someone wanted to know, was all that extra crime coming from.

"Well, we like to think it's coming from Ypsilanti," smiled Krasny.

'Well, I know that we're getting all the hoodlums from Detroit who come to Ypsi and Ann Arbor to make trouble, especially at night," said Harvey.

"Why are you so concerned with the word 'fuck' appearing in print, when, what it means is making love," a young lady inquired of Harvey.

"Well, if you want to use words like that, I guess you can do it, but I ah don't want to degrade the police department with such filth," said Krasny, while Harvey rubbed the back of his neck irritably.

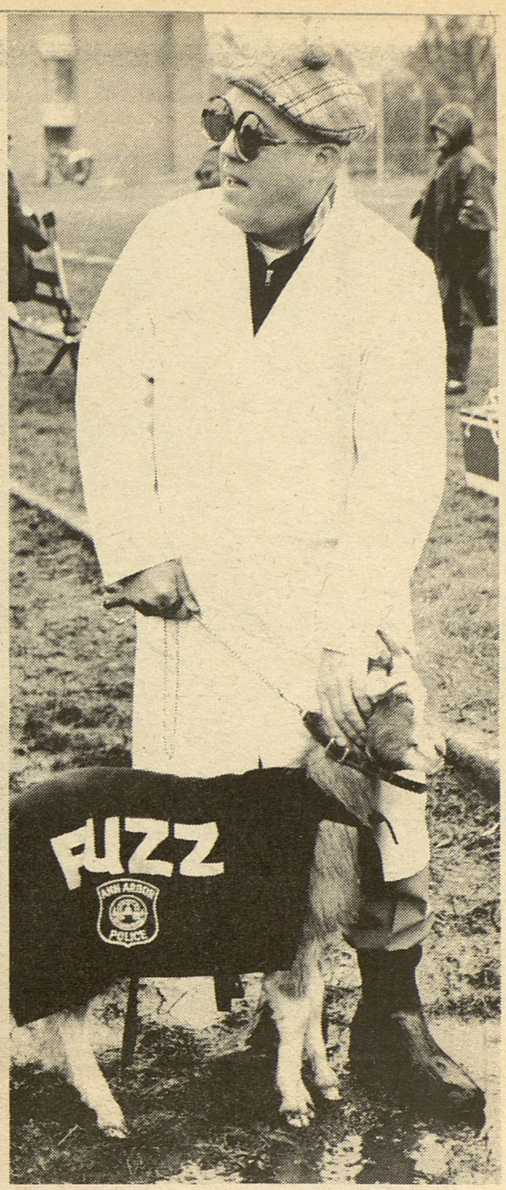
"The first time I ever heard the word 'fuck' was when a pig called me a 'motherfucker'," whispered a junior high school boy.

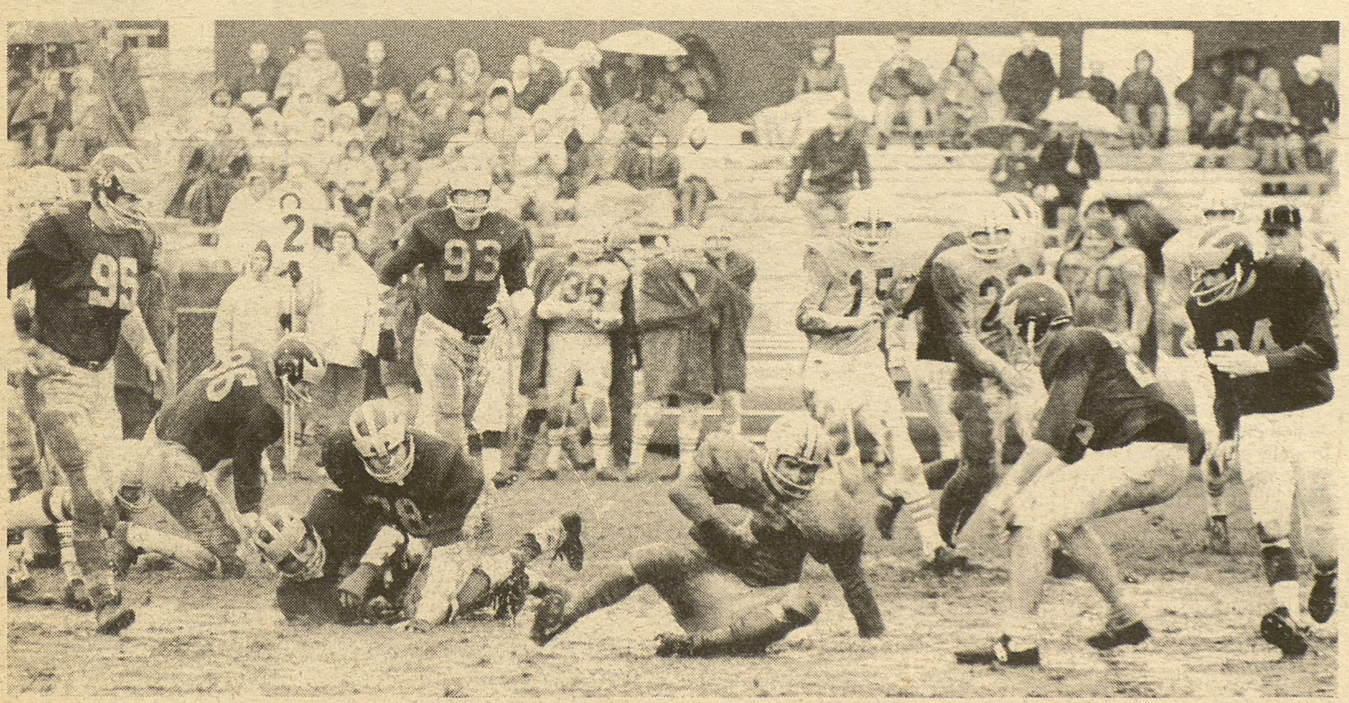
Finally, a man in the front row asked Harvey about the Argus' rape charge.

"It's garbage just like the rest of the paper," he said indignantly. "First of all, the story has me graduating in 1948, which would have made me 17 years old. Second, Ray McNaughton is a very old and good friend of mine—what would I be doing raping his daughter? This is a clearly libelous situation, and my attorneys have taken them to Circuit Court."

Which, by the way, is a lie—in the two months since the Argus story appeared no legal action has been taken.

"That does it," said the St. Thomas moderator. "See you all this Sunday at the Pig Bowl."





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Ted Berrigan

REPORT

It's New Year's Eve, of 1968, and a Time
for Resolution.

I don't like Inglebert Humperdink.

I like the Incredible String Band.

The war goes on and War is shit.

I'll sing you a December Song.

It's 5 below zero in Iowa City tonight.

This year I found a warm room
that I could go to
be alone in
and never have to fight.

I didn't live in it.

I thought a lot about dying

but I said Fuck it.

QUE SERA, SERA

And as you took your pants off
Her brother came in bringing some begonias
Que sera, sera

THINGS TO DO IN NEW YORK [city]

*

Wake up high up
frame bent & turned on
Moving slowly
& by the numbers
light cigarette
Dress in basic black
& reading a lovely old man's book:

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN

change

flashback

play cribbage on the Williamsburg Bridge
watching the boats sail by
the sun, like a monument,
move slowly up the sky
above the bloody rush:

break yr legs & break yr heart
kiss the girls & make them cry
loving the gods & seeing them die

celebrate your own
& everyone else's birth:

Make friends forever
& go away

PEACE

What to do
when the days' heavy heart
having risen, late
in the already darkening East
& prepared at any moment to sink
into the West
surprises suddenly,
& settles, for a time,
at a lovely place
where mellow light spreads
evenly
from face to face?
The days' usual aggressive
contrary beat
now softly dropped
into a regular pace
the head riding gently its personal place
where pistons feel like legs
on feelings net like lace.
Why,
take a walk, then,
across this town. It's a pleasure
to meet the one certain person you've been counting on
to take your measure
who will smile, & love you, sweetly, at your leisure.
And if
she turns your head around
like any other man,
go home
and make yourself a sandwich
of toasted bread, & ham
with butter
lots of it
& have a diet cola,
& sit down
& write this,
because you can.

RESOLUTION

The ground is white with snow.
It's morning, of New Year's Eve, 1968, & clean
City air is alive with snow, its quiet
Driving. I am 33. Good wishes, brothers, everywhere
& Don't You Tread On Me.

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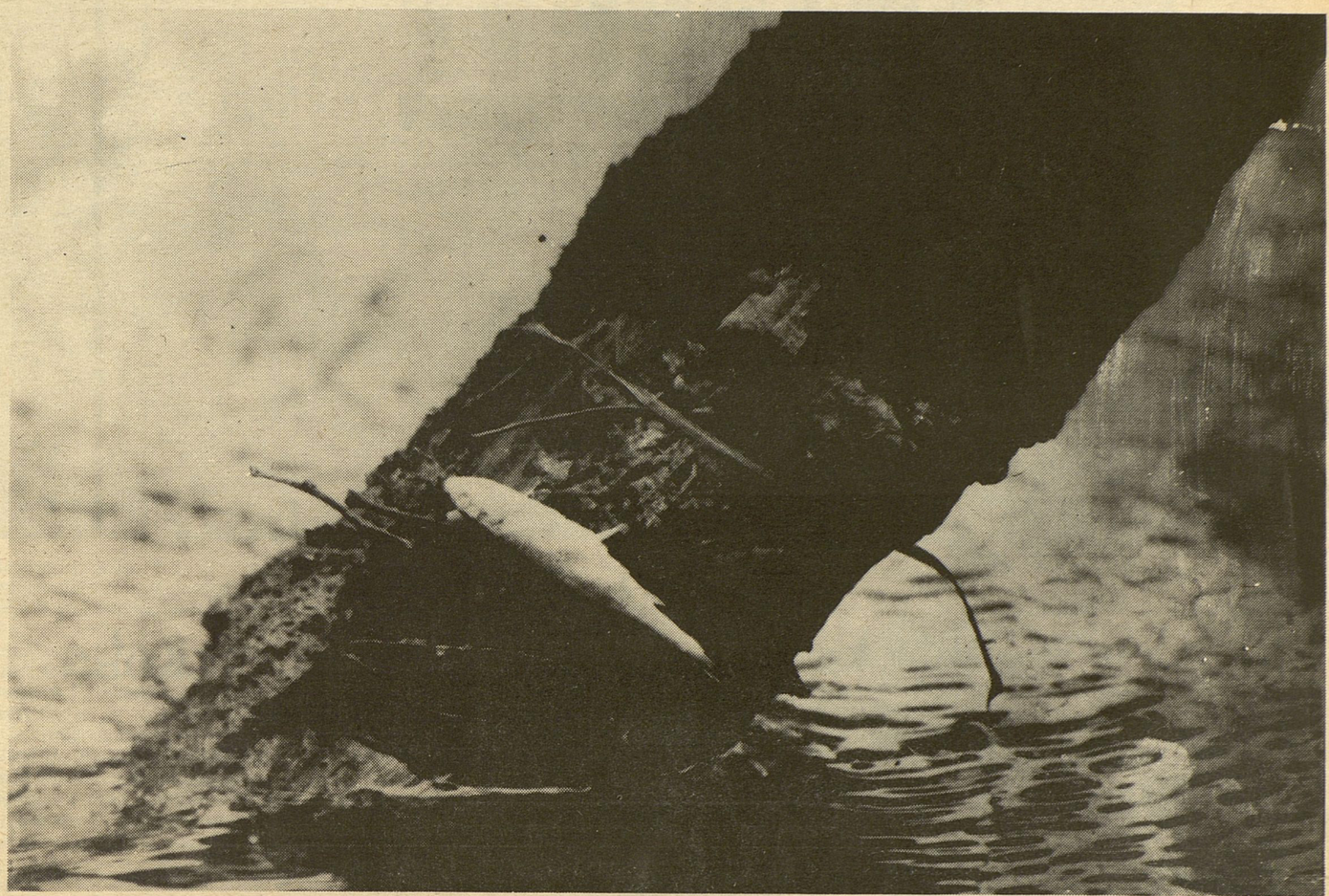
ANN ARBOR ARGUS

Ecology Supplement



PHOTO/David Bernstein

On the PLANET, EARTH, September, 1969

The unanimous Declaration of Interdependence

When in the course of evolution it becomes necessary for one species to denounce the notion of independence from all the rest, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the interdependent station to which the natural laws of the cosmos have placed them, a decent respect for the opinions of all mankind requires that they should declare the conditions which impel them to assert their interdependence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all species have evolved with equal and unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. ——— That to insure these rights, nature has instituted certain principles for the sustenance of all species, deriving these principles from the capabilities of the planet's life-support system. ——— That whenever any behavior by members of one species becomes destructive of these principles, it is the function of other members of that species to alter or abolish such behavior and to re-establish the theme of interdependence with all life, in such a form and in accordance with those natural principles, that will effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that cultural values long established should not be altered for light and transient causes, that mankind is more disposed to suffer from asserting a vain notion of independence than to right themselves by abolishing that culture to which they are now accustomed. ——— But when a long train of abuses and usurpations of these principles of interdependence, evinces a subtle design to reduce them, through absolute despoliation of the planet's fertility, to a state of ill will, bad health, and great anxiety, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such notions of independence from other species and from the life support system, and to provide new guards for the re-establishment of the security and maintenance of these principles. Such has been the quiet and patient sufferage of all species, and such is now the necessity which constrains the species Homo Sapiens to reassert the principles of interdependence. ——— The history of the present notion of independence is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations all having in direct effect the establishment of an absolute tyranny over life. ——— To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world. ——— 1. People have refused to recognize the roles of other species and the importance of natural principles for growth of the food they require. ——— 2. People have refused to recognize that they are interacting with other species in an evolutionary process. ——— 3. People have fouled the waters that all life partakes of. ——— 4. People have transformed the face of the earth to enhance their notion of independence from it and in so doing have interrupted many natural processes that they are dependent upon. ——— 5. People have contaminated the common household with substances that are foreign to the life processes which are causing many organisms great difficulties. ——— 6. People have massacred and extincted fellow species for their feathers and furs, for their skins and tusks. ——— 7. People have persecuted most persistantly that known as coyote, lion, wolf, and fox because of their dramatic role in the expression of interdependence. ——— 8. People are proliferating in such an irresponsible manner as to threaten the survival of all species. ——— 9. People have warred upon one another which has brought great sorrow to themselves and vast destruction to the homes and the food supplies of many living things. ——— People have denied others the right to live to completion their interdependencies to the full extent of their capabilities.

We therefore, among the moral representatives of the eternal process of life and evolutionary principles, in mutual humbleness, explicitly stated, appealing to the ecological consciousness of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare that all species are interdependent; that they are all free to realize these relationships to the full extent of their capabilities; that each species is subservient to the requirements of the natural processes that sustain all life. ——— And for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on all other members of our species who understand their consciousness as a capability, to assist all of us and our brothers to interact in order to realize a life process that manifests its maximum potential of diversity, vitality and planetary fertility to ensure the continuity of life on earth.

Ecology Action

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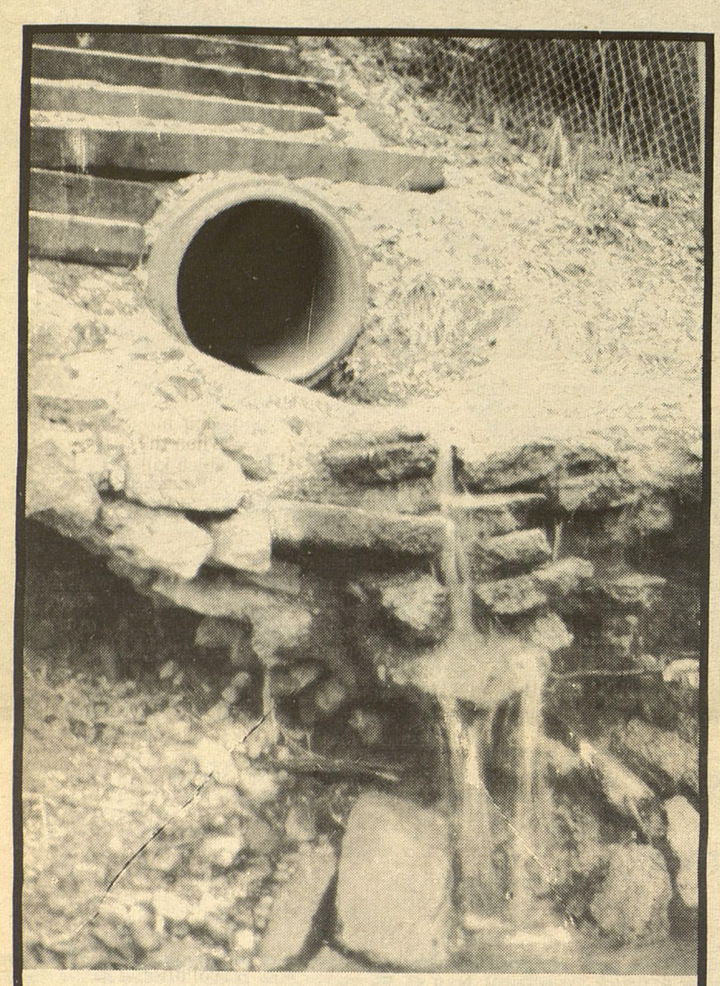
ENTROPY?

Man against nature
a senseless struggle m
cannot win.

Essay by Howard Kohn



DANGER

We have forgotten what
pure water tastes like.
So many rivers and lakes are
thickened with excrement–
industrial, agricultural, human
–that we drink a dilute
chlorine solution instead.

Under pressure from state and federal officials, Ford Motor Company recently installed precipitators at its Ypsilanti plant to filter wastes from its smokestacks. The precipitators collect metal flakes, often as much as a ton a week. But Ford has a problem getting rid of the junk.

So Ford has come up with a better idea: blow the stuff out of the stacks at night when no one is looking. Ford officials won't admit it.

Ford officials will only point out they're not dropping as much crud in the Huron River any more.

In perspective the Huron River Valley, which includes Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, actually has cleaner air and cleaner water than 90 per cent of the other river valleys, which usually attract the Trojan styrofoam nativity of industry.

The Rouge and Detroit Rivers, for instance, are bastard products of the auto industry and today are stillborn–biologically dead–like 38 other American rivers. They squirm their way into Lake Erie, possibly the world's sickest lake.

Ecologists, worried that the earth will run out of natural resources in 200 years or so, seriously question whether the auto industry is worth the cost in pollution.

"We're going to have to make a choice between cars and people," explains Prof. Spencer Havlick of the University of Michigan. "If we don't, our country will be covered with pavement and our air filled with sludge."

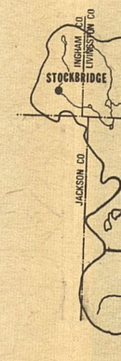
More than 50 per cent of air pollution comes from auto exhaust. California's legislature has tried to ban cars from California–the bill passed in the state senate but failed in the state house. And the Surgeon General has reported auto fumes may cause more cases of cancer than cigarettes.

But, suppose we did outlaw cars and tear down the auto factories, suppose we did put Henry Ford II in jail as a criminal to humanity...The Huron River could die in 20 years. The killer would be a combination of pollutants, the most powerful being the sewage and municipal runoff from Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

Ann Arbor discharges 14 million gallons of effluent, i.e. processed sewage, into the river each day. Ann Arbor has 100,00 people. Even at peak efficiency, something achieved maybe twice a year, the treatment plant only breaks down the sewage from 90,000 people. Often the plant operates at 30 or 40 per cent efficiency, letting the waste from 60-70,000 people go into the river.

In addition, the treatment plant can't handle nitrates and phosphates, permitting about 90 per cent to go through. These are energy boosters to plant growth in the river. An epidemic of algae and other green plants, which the Huron already faces, destroys the oxygen cycle and limits the number and kind of fish the river can support. That's why the Huron only has carp, suckers and bullheads now.

Eventually the river will be just a murky jelly of green stuff. Someone will then probably suggest using strong chemicals to kill all marine plants and start the river ecosystem again.



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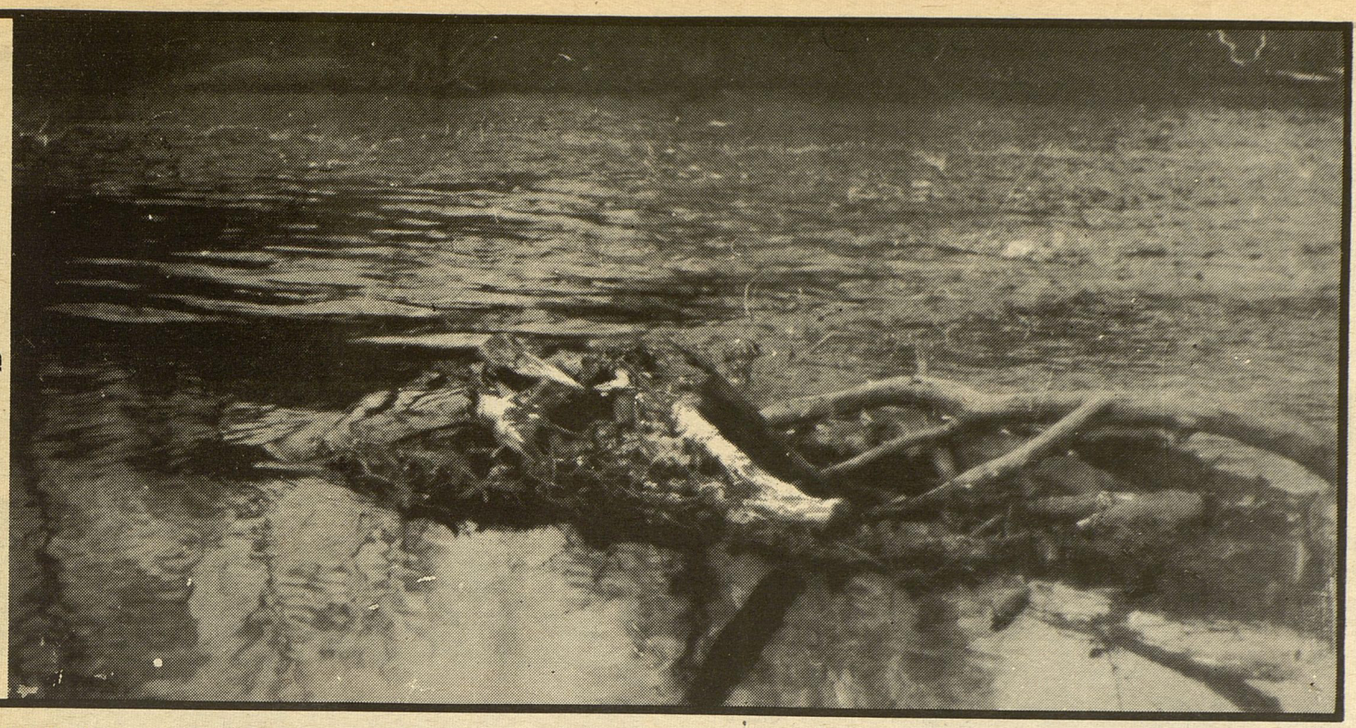


But that is a highly tenuous gamble.

A replanted ecosystem would still have to adapt to a river filled with pesticides, salt, gasoline, oil and sediment—contributed via city storm sewers.

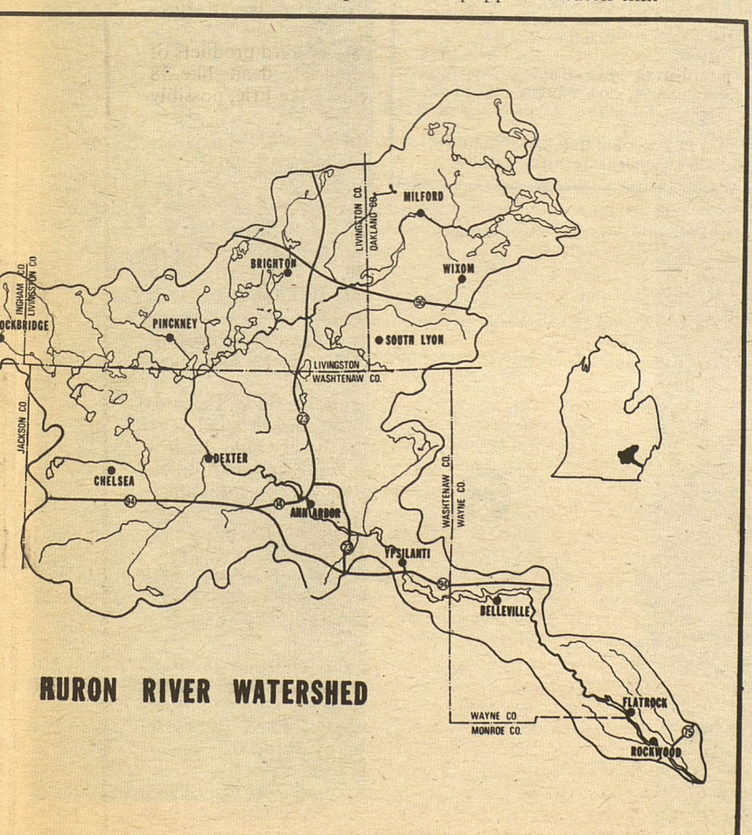
Plus it would have to cope with problems like the Peninsular Paper Company of Ypsilanti. Peninsular, which mass produces Christmas cards, used to dump dyes directly into the river, turning it a luxurient green one day and a luminous red the next.

"People were really getting on our backs about the river changing color all the time," admits Harrison Quirk, company president. "The dyes weren't toxic—but they caused aesthetic pollution, which really gets to people. They're more concerned about the color of the river than the condition of it.

"We'd have been screwed by public pressure if the Ypsilanti treatment plant hadn't expanded."

A year ago Ypsilanti agreed to treat Peninsular's wastes. Unfortunately, the plant doesn't really neutralize the colors, and the water in the plant reservoir is often green or red, while plant officials wait for night to pour the dyed water into the river.

More significantly the treatment plant isn't equipped to catch thin wood fibers from Peninsular, which go into the river, clog the gills of tadpoles and reduce food for fish.



HURON RIVER WATERSHED

In addition, Peninsular and Ford both use water to cool their machines, and dump the water back in at bathing temperatures. When the water level is low, the spouts of steaming water create eddies which kill off fish and wash them on the river's banks.

Dexter's treatment plant has an even more bizarre circumstance than Ypsilanti's. As required by law, Dexter has to process the chemical slough from Lyndon's Photo Lab of Dexter. The chemical waste includes sodium thiosulfate, a substance which neutralizes chlorine in water.

Chlorine is dumped in the water to kill bacteria in the sewage. When the sodium thiosulfate sterilizes the chlorine, disease germs go merrily into the river.

To complicate the situation, Dexter only has a primary treatment plant, compared to secondary plants at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. At maximum efficiency, the primary plant only gets 30 per cent of the sewage.

The Michigan Water Resources Commission, which regulates state waterways, is angry but hasn't done anything to penalize Dexter.

"What can we do?" asks one commission official. "Put the whole city in the can?"

Almost no crunch exists in legislation to force cities or people in cities to live up to common sense criteria in water conservation. Part of the problem is that people don't know they're individually responsible, don't realize the river is condemned to a hassled and haphazard future unless some drastic change in lifestyles are made.

Let's briefly trace the course of the Huron. Pollution starts in the upper watershed from cottages on lakes. Often unknowingly, cottage owners flush their toilets directly into creeks which flow into the river. Any river gags on the amount of filth from humans.

Mill Creek is the largest tributary and also contributes fertilizer from rich farmlands, adding to the over-rich nutrient supply.

South Lyon furnishes synthetic leftovers from Michigan Seamless Tube Co. Chelsea adds metal filings from Longworth Plating Inc. And then Dexter dumps in its dangerous effluent.

Perhaps the least forgiveable pollution, though, comes from Honey Creek, which drains the septic fields of $50,000 suburban ranch homes along Wagner Rd. Because the owners were too lazy or too negligent, the septic fields do not work properly. Instead their waste washes into the creek and then into the river.

This added insult is the final corrupting influence. From Honey Creek downstream, the river is unsafe for swimming—except for Belleville Lake. The lake slips through a loophole in the law on behalf of the city of Belleville which needs the recreation and the touristry.

After Honey Creek comes the sewage and urban runoff from Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

What this all adds up to is a serious indictment of our sensibilities. Why is it that we are almost immune to the outrage of pollution? The death of a river means death to a lifestyle and buries everyone's chance to fish or swim or even just sit on the banks and wiggle their toes.

What are our alternatives? Unfortunately, we don't have too many. We're never going to see a naturally clean river in the Huron Valley in our lifetime, no matter what we do—even if we burn the cities and the factories to the ground.

The curse of mauling urban sprawl limits us. And government's

Continued on page 14

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ECO-ESSAY

ontinued from page 13

eakwilled efforts to stop industrial violations can only infuriate us.

Yet we can do something, starting with a change in our thinking. e can get away from the myth that technology is going to invent omething to protect us when we reach a crisis.

The crisis is already here—and technology can't do anything to stop s from living in a pigsty if that is our ambition. The death of the Hu-on River is only the beginning of a series of eco-catastrophes we can xpect, some of which we already can't avoid.

Overpopulation, for instance, is going to mean famines in Asia in the ext decade. At the same time, the domestic pets of the United States at more protein each year than the combined countries of Vietnam, ambodia, Laos, Thailand and Afghanistan. This essay isn't going to iscuss all the implications between pollution and overpopulation, xcept to comment on the most obvious fact: people make pollution, ore people make more pollution, and the earth has a finite capacity or people and pollution.

Sociologically we can relate the filthy environments of Chicago and ewark to the evolution of their police and politicians. Politically we n see the rewards of exploiting a river to make money—and see that oney exploits people in the power struggle for votes.

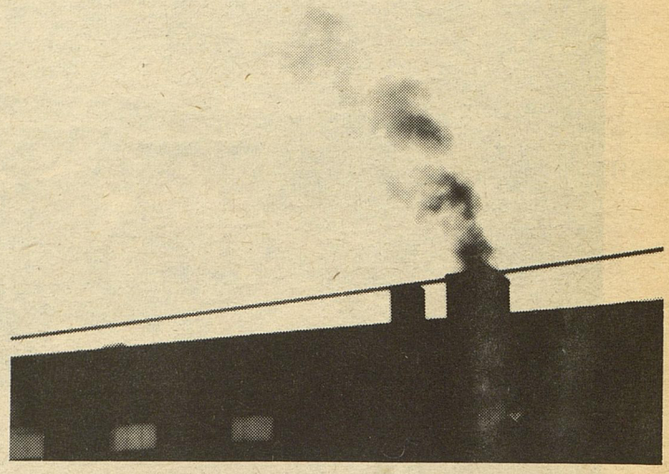
Ann Arbor's answer to this problem so far has been Charles Gelman, who founded Gelman Instrument Company on Wagner Rd. ten years ago. Gelman makes anti-pollution devices, like the ones Ford is using on its smokestacks. "This company was founded because I vented an air sampler to test air pollution," Gelman explains. "From here we've gone on to bigger and better things."

Gelman is anticipating the day when federal laws finally force all dustries to install some anti-pollution equipment.

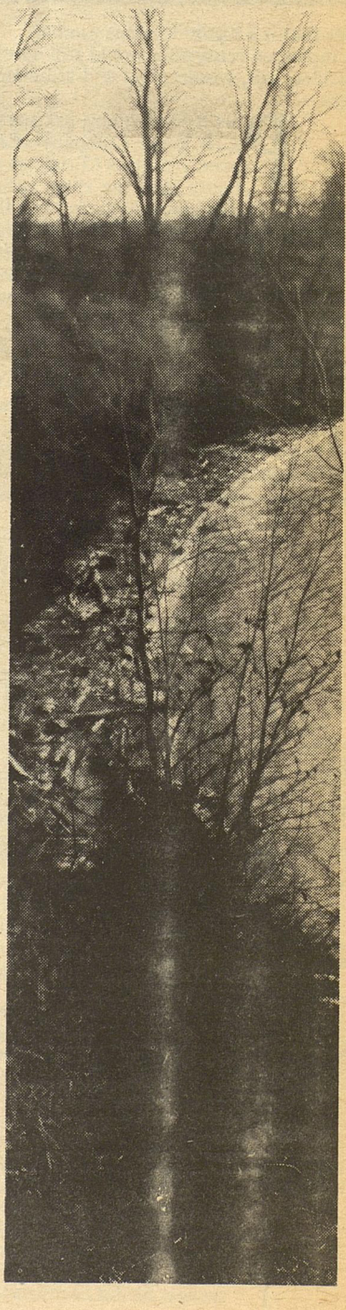
An entire lab at Gelman is devoted to just researching new kinds of ti-pollution devices. But apparently one of the reasons Gelman can ford to spend so much time on research is that it spends so little time eating its own wastes.

Gelman's septic tank is broken, and the industrial sewage is over-owing, forging streams of stench across the fields on Wagner Rd., here it makes its way to the Huron.

Apparently the people who are most concerned about pollution are e ones who want to make money off it—AND THEY'RE IN FAVOR F IT!



Photography by Kip Mercure



With this special supplement, the Argus initiates a regular series on ecology, an issue which promises to be the most energy-consuming of the upcoming year. Since the straight media has been reluctant to push for environment reforms or even to publish relevant information, the undergrounds are trying to make people aware of how critical the situation is.

For those who wish to get involved either individually or as a group, ENACT [Environmental Action for Survival] is the best organization in Ann Arbor. ENACT is serving as an umbrella organization for a lot of different people.

In addition, ENACT is putting plans together for an environmental teach-in at the University of Michigan March 10-12. The teach-in is going to be a protorype for other campuses and cities.

The teach-in idea came from Professor Spencer Havlick of U-M and Senator Gaylord Nelson [D-Wisc.]. Nelson is now helping set up national offices in Washington to coordinate the effort.

Pete **Seeger and Dr. Paul** Ehrlich, along with Nelson, have already agreed to speak during the three-day event. Ehrlich is author of *The Population Bomb* and an internationally-known futurist.

* * * *

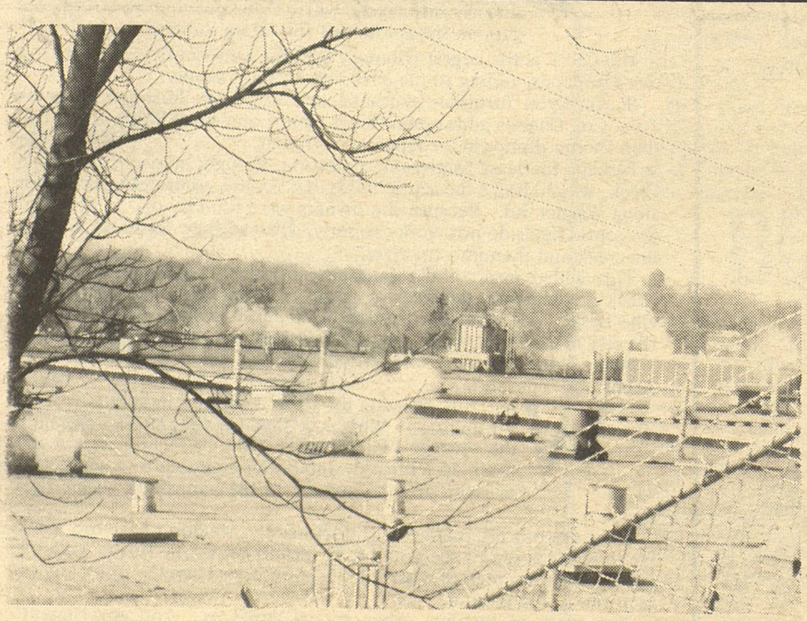
ENACT needs people with enthusiasm, energy, and ideas, not necessarily specialists. Contact any of the following committee chairmen and let them know your interest:

Co-Chairman	Dave Allen	761-6557
Co-Chairman	Doug Scott	769-0417
Publicity	John Turner	662-9602
Facilities	Jerry Kemperman	763-2801
	Jack Mathias	761-4870
Program	Bill Painter	764-2446
	Bruce Dancik	764-1412
Community Relations	Dave Brubaker	665-6834
Finances	Art Hanson	971-1811
Interdepartmental Coordination	Frank Cajka	764-2729
Action	Phil Cantino	761-1237
	Steve Sporn	764-0692
Goals	Clan Crawford, Jr.	663-2096
Information & Education	Skip Lambert	761-4629
	Sue Harding	482-8631

ENACT has two offices at the present time:

146 F Natural Resources 764-4410

2532 Student Activities Building



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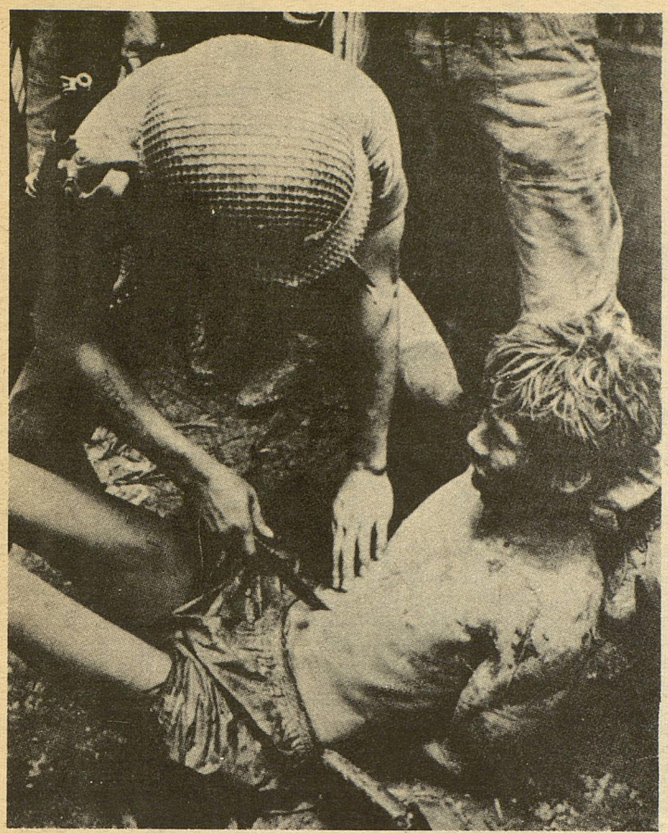


Do unto others...

"Over there [in Vietnam], you can't tell who the enemy is. Those women and kids are the enemy too."
—Former Marine Capt. Fino Rivas of New York City

By LIBERATION News Service

A war of attrition becomes a war of genocide when your enemy is the people. The massacre of Song My was not a fluke. It rests well within overall U.S. policy in Vietnam

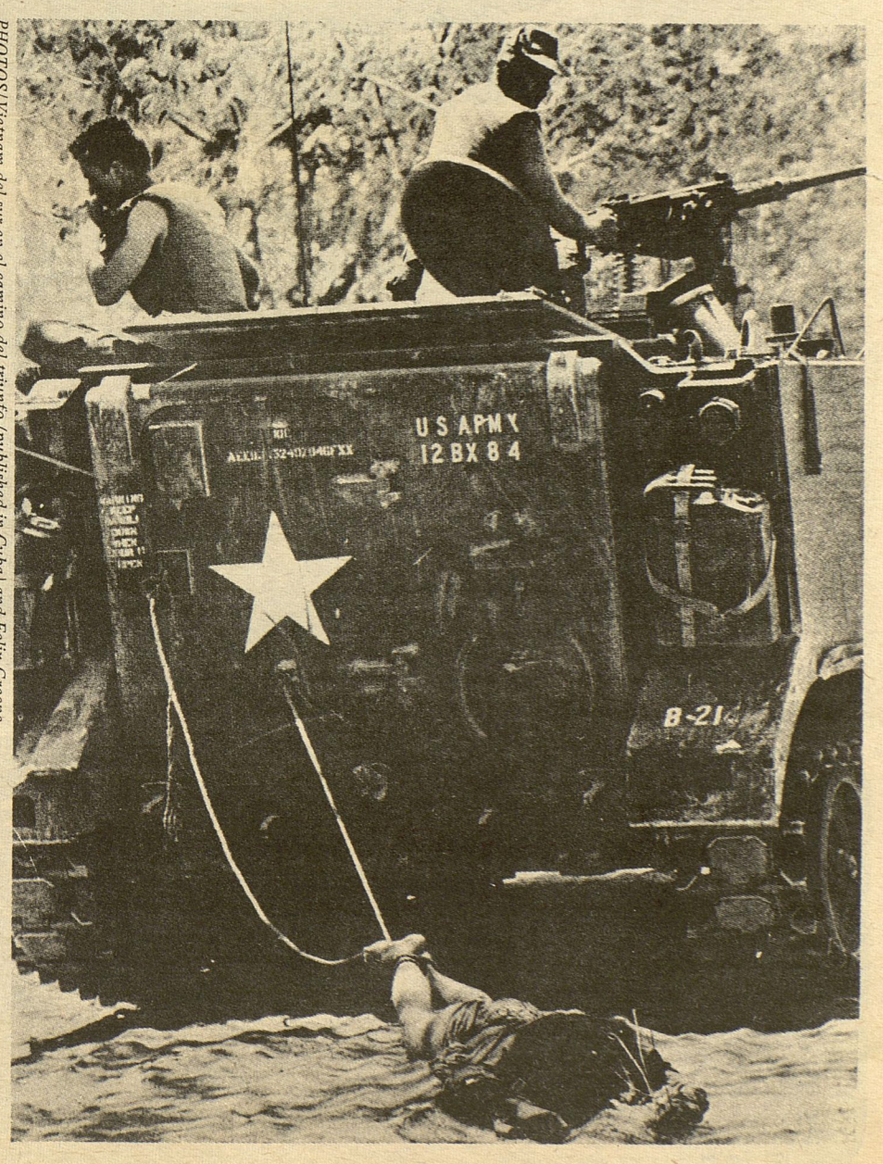
The majority of the people in South Vietnam live in the liberated countryside. Through the hamlet and village elected councils and the people's associations—the farmers', minorities', and women's liberation groups—the Provisional Revolutionary Government has taken shape. Hospitals, schools, land reform, newspapers, people's courts—through the institutions of the people, the people are forming their new nation. Hospitals are hidden in deep caves, their access tunnels reaching as far as ten miles. Schools are set up in forest clearings; they disappear with the approach of U.S. troops.

This is the U.S.'s enemy. The only strategy the U.S. could have chosen to fight the Vietnamese People's War is the one they chose: to destroy the people, their culture, their land.

New York Times Vietnam War reporter Tom Buckley wrote in a recent article [New York Times Sunday Magazine, Nov. 23] about the nature of this war against the people:

"Saigon and Washington have chosen another method. 'We are blasting their villages right out from under them,' a young American in the pacification program told me. To fly over the Delta or the Central lowlands is to see the truth of that statement—bomb craters beyond counting, the dead gray and black fields, forests that have been defoliated and scorched by napalm, land that has been ploughed flat to destroy Vietcong hiding places. And everywhere can be seen the piles of ashes, forming the outlines of huts and houses, to show where hamlets once stood.

"Few refugees from Vietcong controlled areas say that they left their villages to show their support for the Government... It is simply a matter of choosing between staying alive or being killed by bombs, shells, or small arms fire. The American Command has blocked off vast areas under Vietcong control as 'free fire-zones.' Anything that moves there can be shot on sight, and the inhabitants remain there at their great peril. The land is being purged and purified by fire."



PHOTOS/*Vietnam del sur en el camino del triunfo* [published in Cuba] and Felix Greene

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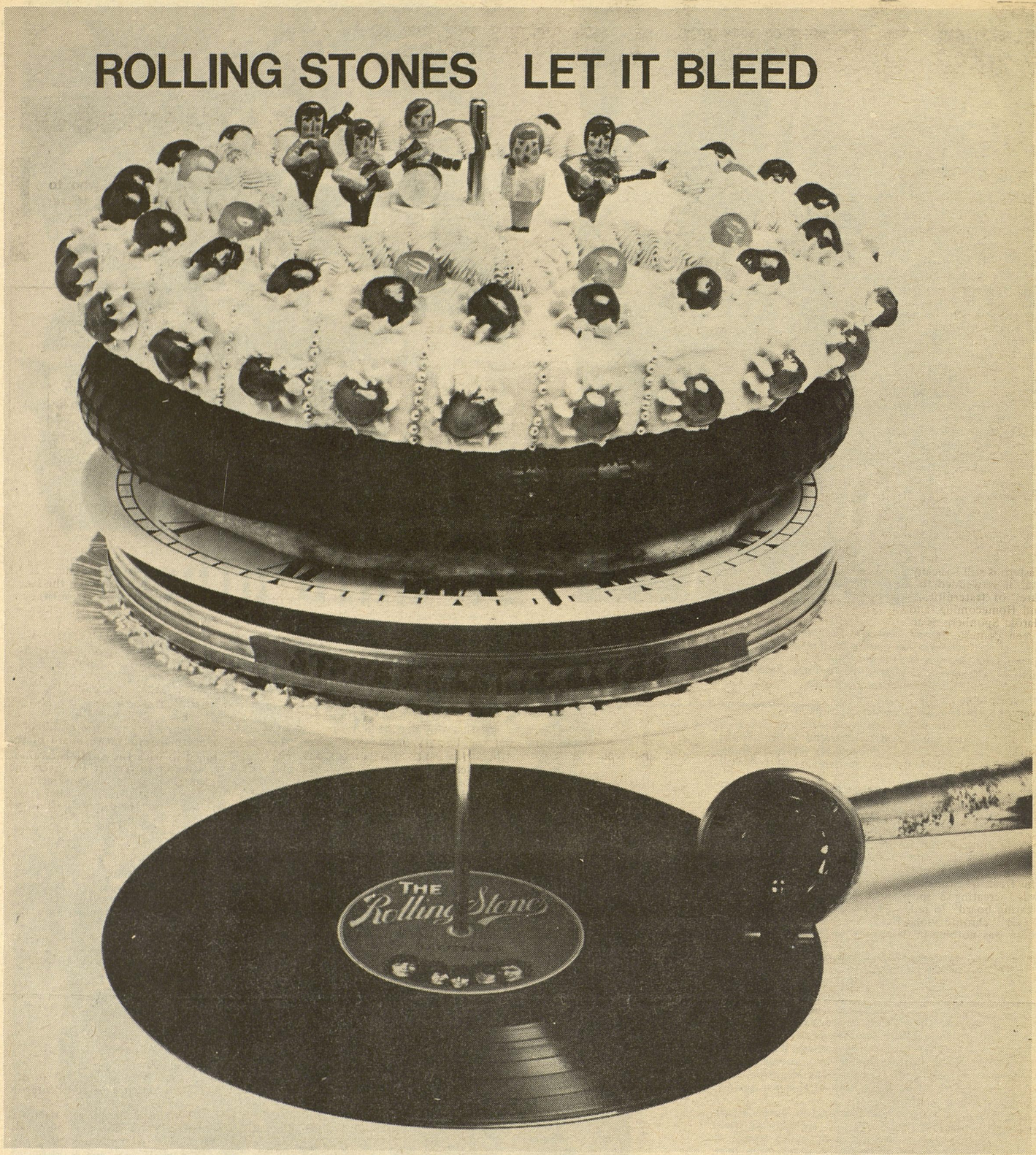
ROLLING STONES LET IT BLEED



THIS RECORD SHOULD BE PLAYED LOUD

LET IT BLEED □ LOVE IN VAIN □ MIDNIGHT RAMBLER □ GIMMIE SHELTER □ YOU GOT THE SILVER
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT □ LIVE WITH ME □ MONKEY MAN □ COUNTRY HONK

LONDON
NPS-4

Manufactured by Nanker Phelge Music Ltd. An ABKCO Record Company. Distributed by London Records, Inc.

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The Second Coming:

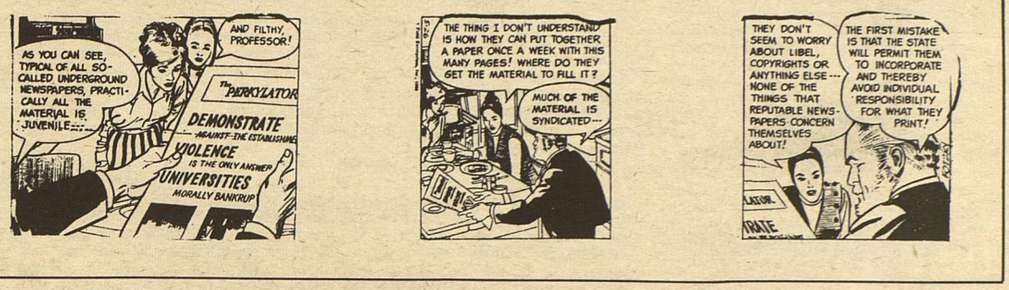
Sitting in Judgement

By RICHARD WATSON

YPSILANTI—The new underground paper at Eastern Michigan, The Second Coming, has dealt the EMU Administration a series of crushing political defeats within the past two months. Not only has the paper been able to mobilize support from both students and faculty, but it has dragged the President of the University and his chief lackeys into federal court.

He claimed that the University didn't know who to hold responsible for the "printed matter," as he called it. He refused to call us a newspaper. [Question: Should we call him "a mass of protoplasm claiming to be Harold Sponberg"?]

—The Second Coming, Vol. 1, No. 4


AS YOU CAN SEE, TYPICAL OF ALL SO-CALLED UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS, PRACTICALLY ALL THE MATERIAL IS JUVENILE...
AND FILTHY, PROFESSOR!
The PERKYLATOR
DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT
VIOLENCE IS THE ONLY ANSWER
UNIVERSITIES MORALLY BANKRUPT
THE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW THEY CAN PUT TOGETHER A PAPER ONCE A WEEK WITH THIS MANY PAGES! WHERE DO THEY GET THE MATERIAL TO FILL IT?
MUCH OF THE MATERIAL IS SYNDICATED...
THEY DON'T SEEM TO WORRY ABOUT LIBEL, COPYRIGHTS OR ANYTHING ELSE... NONE OF THE THINGS THAT REPUTABLE NEWSPAPERS CONCERN THEMSELVES ABOUT!
THE FIRST MISTAKE IS THAT THE STATE WILL PERMIT THEM TO INCORPORATE AND THEREBY AVOID INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT THEY PRINT!
JUDGE
PRATE

Last year the Administration successfully suppressed another underground attempt, the Obsidian, by hassling it with silly rules which the liberals on the staff felt bound to obey. This year, however, it didn't work. At Eastern, believe it or not, there is a rule requiring people to register all activities on campus with the Administration before they are permitted. The Administration said this applied to newspapers, and denied the Second Coming permission to publish after several hilarious meetings. [Sample: "Is this going to be a leftist paper?"]

However, the first issue of the paper, out October 6, was sold without incident as the paper successfully bluffed the Administration. The shit hit the fan with the second issue, which contained a satirical contest the prize for which would be to screw the Homecoming Queen on national television. To comprehend what happened then, you have to remember that Eastern is still basically a teachers' college, that it is wedded to the "collegiate culture" of fraternities, sororities, football, and Homecoming, and that its President, Harold Sponberg, is an ex-jock. When the queen contestants saw the new issue of the paper they freaked, and so did the Administration. Sponberg issued a statement on October 21 banning further sale of the paper because its "content" was "unacceptable to the University"!! What everyone objected to was not the political radicalism of the paper, but rather the "insult to the honor" of the queen candidates!

That day 13 students were apprehended for selling the paper, and their cases were sent to the Student Court. However, the staff continued selling the paper, not being cowed by phony arrests which it knew it could beat. This freaked the Administration even further, and when it became clear that the Student Court was taking its time about scheduling the cases, the Dean of Students announced that he was creating a special "administrative hearing board" to judge the cases of supposed "chronic violators." Of course, there was nothing in the rules which permitted this kangaroo court to be created, but the new Dean of Students, Thomas Aceto, who poses as a "friendly liberal" out to "help the students," said that there was nothing in the rules which prohibited his creating the board either! [There's nothing which prohibits him from gunning down freaks on campus, as a matter of fact.]

This new board backfired, though, as its hearing was packed with about 100 irate students and faculty grossed out at the Administration's duplicity. The paper's right to publish and distribute on campus had become a good "liberal issue," and drew wide support from all quarters. As a result, Aceto was forced to adjourn his kangaroo court and send the cases back to Student Court.

On November 1, the Student Court found the students innocent of breaking the rules because of an intriguing loophole. The rules said that they themselves did not apply to activities "provided by law." And the Second Coming successfully argued that newspapers are protected by law on campus, both by the First Amendment on the Constitution and also by the recent Supreme Court decision of Tinker v. DesMoines. Sponberg's "ban" was laughed off.

The Administration, desperate to save face, appealed the Court's decision to the Disciplinary Review Board, a student-faculty group which is the highest body in the University's judicial structure. However, that board also backed the paper, finding its editor, Frank Michels, not guilty.

Even more incredible, the Administration said it didn't have to abide by the decisions of the judicial structure, and gave Michels an "administrative warning." Naturally, there was nothing in the rules which gave the Administration such power, but by then the narrow clique of men at the top were beyond reason.

By that time both the Student Senate and the Faculty Senate had backed the right of the paper to sell on campus. The latter action was particularly relevant, since Eastern's torpid faculty didn't even question the action of Sponberg in calling the pigs on campus last February when the black students took over the Administration Building. This time, however, the faculty were grossed out. The senate not only passed overwhelmingly a resolution stating "published materials may circulate on the campus of Eastern Michigan University without restraints" if they bore identification and did not disrupt classes, but also passed a resolution urging that disciplinary actions be dropped.

Also, a group of "liberal faculty" organized themselves into a political action bunch and circulated a much stronger statement condemning the Administration as a censor. This statement got the signatures of 125 faculty, about 1/5 of the total, a truly staggering number considering EMU's political state.

Having been repudiated by the students and "its" faculty, the Administration then proceeded to lose control of its own employees. The Campus Police were ordered to confiscate papers, but they refused. Dean's Office student assistants no longer took the names of paper sellers. And, in what was surely an unexpected humiliation, Eastern's conservative board of regents failed to back the Administration in their meeting of November 19. Everyone had expected a ringing endorsement of Sponberg's efforts to rid the campus of dirty commies, but the paper's staff was at the meeting and cut Sponberg apart.

The final humiliation came on November 13, when the paper filed suit in Federal court in Detroit asking that the Administration be permanently conjoined from harassing the paper and preventing the exercise of First Amendment rights. Action is pending, and the chances look very good.

The Mobe: Go Directly to Jail

Of the successful turnout for the November 15 March on Washington it might be expected that the National New Mobilization Committee would be moving to new mass activity to stop the Vietnam War, end the oppression of poor people, and free all political prisoners. But, that is not what has happened at all. The Mobe leadership, as opposed to many of the masses who marched in Washington, have decided that the best tactic is to influence electorial politics.

Such a decision has, of course, meant the downgrading of the Conspiracy trial in Chicago. But, the Mobe has never been comfortable with its limited involvement with the Chicago trial, and has never given the full support which was promised back in August.

National Mobe had promised the Conspiracy that they would listribute material on the trial through their local organizations, but except in rare instances, this never took place.

This was the main reason local publicity on the Conspiracy trial was so limited during the first few weeks of the trial. Only when the Conspiracy made their own local contacts in the main ares of radical activity through out the country, did information about the trial begin to flow.

By the middle of October, the Conspiracy 8 realized that rhetoric was the support the Conspiracy would get from the Mobe. When Tom Hayden went to the West Coast at the end of November, he told those he spoke to that the Mobe did not care about the trial and that a separate action would be necessary in Washington to protest the trial.

Hayden was disgusted with the Mobe because of the way they were jiving the Conspiracy Eight. The Mobe wanted as many people in Washington as possible and that mean appealing to the liberals—so they forgot the trial.

The Mobe which is supposed to be a conglomerate of political organizations is, in effect run by a bunch of ultra—serious functionaries who think politics means getting as many people involved in an action as possible.

Thus, the fault of the old Mobe was that "end the war" became a slogan with nothing behind it. But, at least the old Mobe did organize the October 1967 march on the Pentagon which was the first of the non—picnic type mass demonstrations.

In fact, the main reason the organization of mostly the same people i.e. Sid Peck et al, changed the name Mobe to the "New Mobe" was to disconnect the 1969 demonstrations from the so—called violence of the Pentagon and Chicago.

President Nixon's speech of November 3 convinced the liberal, electorial politic oriented Moritorium to support Mobe's November 15 demonstration. So Sam Brown, who ran the Youth for Eugene MacCarthy, Jeremy Learner, who wrote speeches for Eugene MacCarthy, and the rest of what was left of the Clean for Gene Movement moved in on the Mobe.

If the New Mobe seems to have no politics, the Moratorium people have very definite politics. As Ada Hoffman ran it down, "The importance of all this anti—war activity is to get the Democratic nomination for (Senator George) McGovern, or at least stop (Senator Ed) Muskie. "McGovern will end the war." In 1972!

As the organizers in Washington realized that the largest demonstration in the history of the United States was going to happen on November 15, they also decided to play down all politics.

The Moritorium people had no affinity with the Chicago defendants anyway. The liberals know that the Supreme Court will reverse a conviction. The idea of freeing political prisoners repelled them because they don't believe there are political prisoners in the United States. And, those defendants really are not playing the court game right, are they!

The Moritorium people took over the organization of the demonstration because they are good organizers of mass actions. Learner layed out in a recent issue of *Life* how they ran the demonstration and took control away from the New Mobe.

But, the Chicago trial had become too important a political event just to be pushed aside. The Yippies know it, the Crazies know it, and the thousands of people who understand repression know it. So there was going to be a march anyway.

Mobe panicked and tried to get Dave Dellinger to convince the Yippies

Continued on page 23

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music wheel

By RICH MANGELSDORFF

Extended–programmatic composition is still pretty uncharted territory in rock music – the Beatles sort of started it and the Who, with **Tommy**, *have brought it to its highest present state, while the road is sparsely cluttered with wreckages like the Electric Prunes. Hair and all that sort of thing doesn't count, unless you're sufficiently simple to make me wonder why you even read a paper like this one.*

Arthur, *by the Kinks [Reprise 6366] is probably the next best thing to* **Tommy** *itself; it really surprised the hell out of me, especially since I've never been one of this group's sycophants. The format is much tighter than Tommy's, which isn't necessarily an advantage, especially if you dig music for the sake of music, but its advisable for any group not in the genius category.*

Like the Who, the Kinks stick pretty much to good, basic rock & roll – make it work on those terms first and foremost – and keep their extra effects firmly in place. The tunes are all more or less memorable and represent a wide emotional palette; the extroverted drive of "Victoria," the difficult nonmaudlin irony of battlefield death–for–what–purpose of "Some Mother's Son," quickly contrasting with the let–the–world–pass–by bouncy bliss of "Drivin" followed by the prowling strut that puts the snarl in "Brainwashed," followed by the dreamy optimism of the emigree's vision of "Australia," where you can even surf, like in the USA.

"Mr. Churchill Says" is really quite something – a musical [if not quite textual] counterpart of the Beatles' "You Never Give Me Your Money," with the pieces going from a jaunty lope with bleat parodies to that chilling simulated air–raid warning which brings in pounding blues that falls down into the mockery of "jump" handclap–ragging on mistah churchill.

Then there's the muted languor of "Young and Innocent Days" being separated from you and the rolling affirmation–in–despair of the title cut, which ought to be subtitled "Dontcha Know It" and could well be an anthem for our times if someone could find a suitable situation–occasion for it.

The Kinks dig up some archetypes on their own terms and flesh them out, telling you all kinds of subliminal things about living in England, and the lp could stand the acid–test (for an e–p work) of being judged as just a bagful of unrelated tunes. Plenty of nice tricks and even time for some good guitar work (check especially the eye–opener on "Australia" and the power of "Mr. Churchill Says."

This album inspires the sort of "well done" exclamation that Shankar gave his tablist after that crowd–pleasing solo on his "Live at Monterey" record.

I wonder why Arthur Lee calls his new quartet Love (Four Sail, Elektra EKS 74049) since no one from that group remains, save him. Yet, Love, along with wholesale personnel change as standard the Byrds, were the first ones to get into operating procedure, so maybe Lee wrote the book he's entitled to work by.

On his own, Lee is more musical and while touches of the old Love are present in this set's conception, the hard–piping, the neo–Spanish rush, the stop and start breaks and even the elegant fag hauteur have all been relegated to effects, rather than staples. The sound is not so immediately gripping as the older versions of Love could be, in their multitude of ways and Lee has even largely abandoned his patented split–vocal act (half byzantine diffidence with bitty fangs, half bully–ass shout) in favor of a fuller–bodied, mellowed sweep. Instead of "doing" Johnny Mathis, he "does" a John Cash type cowboy ("Talking in My Sleep"), which may be indicative of all kinds of things, above and beyond the coquettish flirting with c&w which pervades the lp.

Drummer Suranovich has learned what you can learn, listening to Mitch Mitchell and Jon Hiseman and probably needs a band where he can profitably put this all to work. Guitarist Jay Donnelan is accomplished and hip like a cat who's had to shake it some in order to get to the spot he presently occupies. I sort of like them alltogether doin' what they do on "August," which, unfortunately, doesn't jell into anything memorable, even though it reflects the relatively heavy subjective complexity which warns you that this Love isn't merely fucking around; lyrics, like all over, here, have lost some of the in–group lifestyle–hassle urgency, but still retain a filmy residue of the world where the demands are different and scurier.

Anyway, my ears can dig the furious musical salvo contained in "August" as well as anything else going here, save the small masterpiece crafted under the title "Singing Cowbow." The tune itself is a leaker, which I'm sure is no news to Lee himself, but the western scam materializes as a Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" riff with whiplash echoes comin' on and if you're hip to Love you know cowboys ain't the only kind of critters that uses whips.

Lee is still an intrepid mimic whose vibes are mean as Dylan's, at least. Another example is the Canned Heat boogie riff that finds its way into the nameless archaic jazz format that started "Good Times." I think "Dream" is one of bits of dead seriousness which Lee sporadically gets around to, mark it well. Can't tell why the Elinor Rigbyish "Robert Montgomery" had to be elaborated, just as an excuse to blow some, though.

Lee is probably as interesting, away from the boys, as Neil Young has proven to be, yet I think Young's found a wider and more embracing mainline to say his things in – this is probably what separates Arthur Lee from the moments when he rode straddle over a band that could challenge most (yeh, and what if **he** *had joined Crosby, Stills & Nash instead of Young, ready for that?)*

Rat Repression

By THE BLACK RAT

NEW YORK, Friday, November 14, 1969–New York City, resounding with the echoes of bombs, sirens and frayed nerves these last five days, may have begun to cool off.

On Tuesday, November 11th, bombs exploded in the RCA Building, the General Motors Building, and the Chase Manhattan Building causing very extensive damage to property. The bombings were the sixth in a series of political sabotage that has sent Corporate Amerika into paranoiac frenzy. The headlines of establishment media blare out "BOMB" in hysteric unison, and editorials denounce the "wanton acts of destruction." And throughout movement organizations conversations reveal both utter perplexity as to the identity of the bombers. . .–and awe: "very, very together."

Wednesday night, downtown: A bomb resounds through the City Criminal Courts Building. And on 14th Street, in the RAT office, Gary and Paul Rat, getting hot-off-the-press RATs ready for the trip to the Washington March Against Death, receive a phone call. A friend from the straight press reveals the following: FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Attorney General Mitchell have just announced in Washington the arrest of four Lower East Side radicals, charged, along with a missing fifth person, with all the bombings. Among the five are Janie Alpert, RAT staff writer, and the missing Pat Swinton, RAT advertising manager. The other three are Sam Melville, 34, and ex-plumbing designer; George Demmerle, 39, a die maker; and J. David Hughey, 22, who used to work in the Guardian art department.

Thursday afternoon: The tiny hearing room at the Federal Court Building, Foley Square, is packed with FBI agents, prosecuting attorneys and security guards. A small 8–man contingent of movement freaks sits excitedly in the back. The handcuffed prisoners are excorted in. They are unhandcuffed; Janie raises the clenched fist and smiles at us. District Attorney Morgenthau reads the charges: "Conspiracy" to commit the bombings that occurred on July 27 at the United Fruit Pier; on August 20 at the Marine Midland Grace Building; on September 19 at the Federal Building, Federal Plaza; on November 11 at RCA, GM, and Chase; and on November 12 at the Criminal Court Building, and at an armory where they were allegedly arrested. Morgenthau then demands bail and gets exactly what he wants: a half million dollars each! We are stunned.

Janie Alpert is 22. She's been at RAT since July helping in the office, editing, and writing. She's done long articles about Abortion, Women's Lib, and organizing highschoolers, she's very bright, open, articulate, and she's committed. That she could be involved in the bombings, however, seems hard to believe. The government's case seems to be designed to soothe the public uproar and implicate the movement on the basis of purely circumstantial evidence. We have begun a Jane Alpert Defense Fund and are attempting to pull things back together at the paper.

'Course RAT's no longer on the newsstands, and we've lost two full time staff members. We're trying to muster an army of RAT hawkers to get RAT back on the streets–a near impossibility in New York. Jeff Shero flew up from Mississippi last night. We held a press conference this morning which went out on all the straight tv, radio, and newspapers in which we detailed the continued pig harassment, the direct links between the bombing arrests and the newsstand suppression of RAT, and avowed our support for Janie. Placards appeared at the Washington March reading "Free Jane, George, Sam, Dave, and all the Panthers." [The trial of the Panther 21 began Monday the 17th of Nov.]

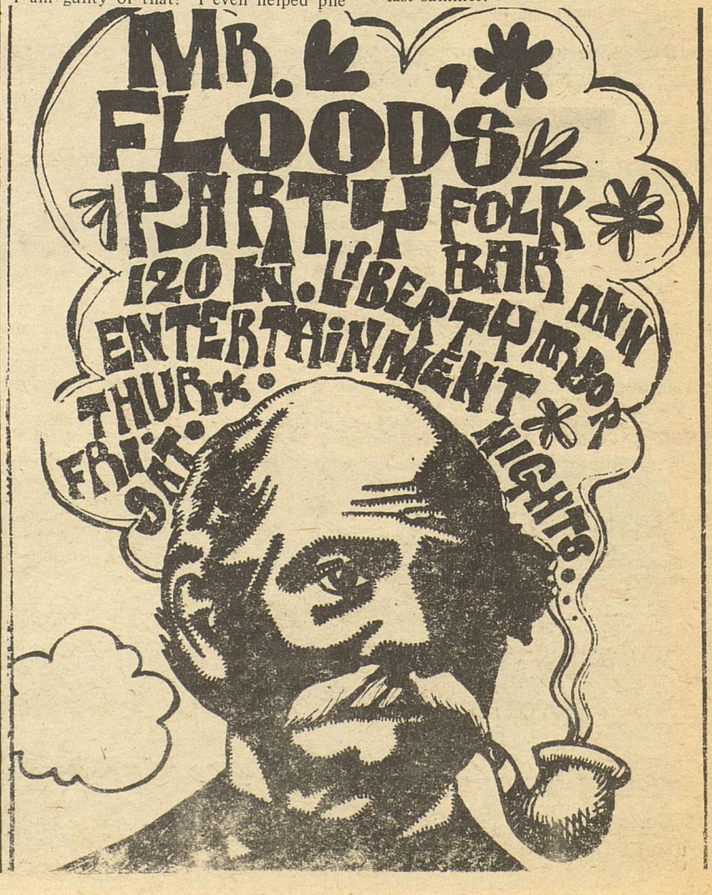
Whether or not some bombers are in jail today, this is not the end of bombing in Amerika. It is not the end of the kind of destruction which is a pre-condition for liberated creation. Frustration and violence are a way of life in a repressed society. And every outraged and repressed individual in this country is a potential bomber.

SOUTH U. Continued from page 6

just been released from University Hospital three days earlier after a week-long treatment for a stab wound. He was stabbed in the lower shoulder muscle below his right arm and a tube was put through his right chest muscle to re-expand his lung. He could hardly lift his arm above his head at the time and wasn't capable of throwing anything.

"Even if I could I probably would have aimed for the bank window, not some dumb cop," Dover explains. He complains that no one seems to believe he did not throw anything. "I have met people who read about my acquittal in the Michigan Daily and still don't believe I didn't throw anything. But then, you can never believe the Daily. After all, they keep saying I was charged with inciting to riot. I am guilty of that! I even helped pile bricks on the roof of University Towers. We planned for the action for weeks! But I was charged with "riot." That requires that I "engage in violent conduct, thereby intentionally or recklessly cause or create or cause a risk of creating a serious danger of causing public terror or alarm. Now anyone knows I'm a pacifist. Ask Gene Staudenmeir. The only violent conduct I ever engaged in was tearing down the goalposts at the Pig Bowl."

All but one or two of the contention cases stemming from the South U "disturbance" have been tried. Charges on most of the over 70 arrested on contention were dropped. A number of persons were acquitted and jail sentences were given only a few, mostly workdays on weekends, except for Donna Painter, who received a 30-day sentence and served it last summer.



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BIOLOGICAL BULLETS

WASHINGTON [LNS]—In typical Defense Dept. fashion, news has finally gotten out four years late about the Army's stockpile of poison bullets. According to the New York Times, the Army produced and stockpiled over 20,000 bullets containing Botulinum at the Pine Bluff arsenal in Arkansas in 1965.

Botulism, the disease produced by the toxin botulinum, is a highly fatal disease of the nervous system. It is virtually impossible to cure and takes effect in 12 to 72 hours. The Times indicates that the bullets are probably for assasinations—a person would only have to be nicked by a bullet and he would probably die of botulism.

The Army swears up and down that its chemical-biological weapons are only stockpiled and not in use anywhere, but there are reports that they are using chemical defoliants and nausea gas in Vietnam [nausea gas can produce fatal vomiting and diarrhea].

ACLU SUES ON BEHALF OF CHICAGO LONGHAIR

CHICAGO [LNS]—Michael Hage was tossed out of Morton West High School last month because school officials didn't approve of his long hair.

ficials didn't approve of his long hair. Now the school superintendent, vice principal and other officials have to appear in court to answer a suit being filed by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The ACLU, after filing the suit, charged that many schools in the metropolitan Chicago area have been blatantly ignoring Supre

tantly ignoring Supreme Court decisions on long hair and black armbands.

In other words, school officials ANYWHERE hassling students about long hair or the wearing of anti-war armbands are breaking the law.

Jay A. Miller, a local ACLU official, said: "We are shocked that high schools, and even junior high schools, have been flagrantly defying court decisions, which explicitly state that high school students are not second class citizens and that all rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution apply to high school students."

Morton West High School has not only gone after Michael Hage—but after his parents, too. The school board has threatened the Hages with prosecution under an Illinois statute which states that parents are responsible for the truancy of their children. The Hages defend their son's right to wear his hair as he pleases.

Michael Hage, who plays with the Bare Wires Blues Band, was suspended from school on the basis of his violation of an illegal school dress code, which stipulates, among other things, "the hair style should be one that is clean, neat and trimmed; out of the eyes, no longer than the bottom of the ear..."

The ACLU suit details a series of Constitutional violations implicit in the dress code, arguing also that the code denied Hage's right to privacy, personal liberty, property and free speech.

FAMOUS GREEK PRISONERS NEAR DEATH

ATHENS [LNS]—Three leading members of the United Democratic Left Party [EDA] are reported to be in poor health and in danger of losing their lives because of the long, harsh imprisonment that they have suffered at the hands of Greece's right wing military dictatorship. The three are: Mikis Theodorakis, composer of the music for "Zorba the Greek

composer of the music for 'Zorba the Greek,' 'Never on Sunday,' and many songs of the Greek resistance movement; Manolis Glezos, a hero of the Greek struggle against the Nazis; and 65 year old Elian Eliou.

The Greek junta is still busy arresting and sentencing scores of Greeks. Two lead

scores of Greeks. Two leaders of the illegal Patriotic Front were recently sentenced to life imprisonment for plotting to overthrow the dictators. Ten members of the Greek Democratic Front were given sentences ranging from 6 to 25 years for bombings. The list could go on forever.

DAN SIEGEL ACQUITTED

BERKELEY [LNS]—Dan Siegel, a Berkeley student charged with inciting to riot at People's Park last May, was acquitted on Nov. 18.

Dan was speaking to the crowd when they decided not to listen to any more speeches and go to reclaim their park. In the fight that followed one person was killed, one blinded and fifty-eight hospitalized.

HEAD LINES

ARIZONA PEACE FESTIVAL: A HOAX

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS]—The Arizona Peace Festival—a gala desert event supposedly involving beautiful people from John Lennon to John Lindsay—turns out to be a hoax.

The "festival" got a big write-up in Billboard magazine. It was said to have the support not only of the rock world, but also of major corporations and the federal government. San Francisco Chronicle columnist Ralph Gleason checked it out, however, and reported that it is "simply an attractive idea of a New York press agent. He has discussed it with a lot of people, written letters, made phone calls and everybody says, yeah! wow! too much! But nobody at all is either committed to it or actually involved in it. That's the sad truth.

SOWN IN BOLIVIA, GULF OIL IS WORRIED

LIBERATION News Service/NACLA

The Gulf Oil Corporation, fearing the example of Bolivia's recent nationalization of its property, called on the Nixon Administration to invoke the Hickenlooper Amendment against that country.

The Amendment, which enables the President to withhold foreign aid payments, was originally passed in retaliation for seizures of U.S. property by revolutionary governments. E.D. Brockett, chairman of Gulf Oil, stated that "if ever there was a straightforward case to which the Hickenlooper Amendment can be applied it is the one we are discussing."

Although Gulf's Bolivian production is only about 1.1% of its worldwide output, the Bolivian nationalization coupled with Peru's seizure of the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Corp., poses serious threats to Gulf's future investment in Latin America. For example, a joint project of Gulf and the Bolivian National Oil Company to build a 334-mile natural gas pipeline to the Argentine town of Yucuiba is now threatened.

Furthermore, a joint Texaco-Gulf project to construct a trans-Andean pipeline in Ecuador will also be endangered if Bolivian nationalization is allowed to go unnoticed.

CIA'S SWAN ISLAND RADIO STATION MAINTAINED

TEGUCIGALPA, Honduras [LNS]—The United States and Honduras have reached a happy agreement about the Swan Islands, a few bits of land about 100 miles northeast of the Caribbean coast of Honduras.

At least the U.S. is happy about the agreement. A State Department press release notes that while Honduran sovereignty over the islands may be recognized, the U.S. gets what it wants: "In a reciprocal gesture of cooperation and friendship," the press release notes, "the Government of Honduras wouls allow the United States to retain its installations on the Islands, which consist of a radio beacon for international navigation and an upper-air weather sounding station, the services of which are freely available to all nations."

There's a lot more to this agreement than meets the eye, however. The Swan Islands received national attention a few years ago, with the publication of "The Invisible Government," which told all about the CIA radio broadcasting operations headquartered on the islands. The islands, it is also assumed, are a focal point for propaganda and counterrevolutionary efforts directed against Cuba.

OFF-DUTY PIG ATTACKS TEXAS CO-ED

DALLAS [LNS]—An off-duty policeman from University Park, Tex , attacked a 19-y

versity Park, Tex., attacked a 19-year-old co-ed during a sociology calss at El Centro Junior College recently. The attack occurred after the pig made bigoted comments in response to the lecture being given by a black instructor. The co-ed, Charity Cowart, angrily said: "You know, you're acting just like what they call you—a pig." He beat her with his fists. The incident was the talk of the campus, but there were no charges and nary a word in the press.

YWCA GETS WITH IT

EAST LANSING, Michigan [LNS-CPS]—The Young Adult Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using YWCA facilities for the dispensation of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

In addition, the "Y" members, all under 35 years of age, came out for the repeal of all abortion laws, in favor of anti-war demonstrations and for black self-determination.

CONSERVATIONISTS OPPOSE TIMBER ACT

SEATTLE [LNS]—Conservationists and eco-activists have sounded the alarm bell against the National Timber Supply Act. This bill—currently before Congress—is pon

is sponsored by a coalition of timber industrialists. It calls for a total re-evaluation of current laws protecting the U.S. wilderness, and may well pave the way to turning over public forests to wholesale rape by profit-hungry lumber magnates.

Activists in the Northwest are urging anyone who has ever enjoyed a walk in the woods to join conservation demonstrations and to flood Congress with letters opposing this bill. Their slogan is "People's National Park Now!"—a phrase which means save America's natural resources for all the people.

SANTA RITA DEPUTIES CHARGED

PLEASANTON, Calif. [LNS]—Two sheriff's deputies from Alameda County have been charged with inflicting corporal punishment and battery for their mistreatment of prisoners at the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center after last May's People's Park action and mass arrests.

Many of those arrested were carted off to Santa Rita where they were tied up, beaten, and forced to lie for hours on a concrete floor.

The two deputies, Gary R. Nelson and Lawrence L. Riche, pleaded not guilty to the charges and were released without bail. In all, ten law enforcement officials were suspended as a result of an investigation into the mass arrests.

CANADIAN INDIANS SECEDE

BRAMTFPRD. Pmtarop [LNS]—Indians of the Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy declared themselves a sovereign state separate from Canada on Nov. 12. They sent a declaration to Ottawa and the United Nations stating that the reserve's 5000 residents and 4000 non-resident members would no longer be governed by the Ontario and Canadian federal governments.

Their declaration stated that through the centuries, Indian lands "have eroded, by trickery, deceit and theft to small portions—which are now indanger of being taxed and dissolved into oblivion."

The Canadian Department of Indian Affairs recently announced a plan to give Indians "equal opportunity." At present, Indians live under the "protection" of the Canadian government. This means that lands set aside for reserves cannot be sold, or taxed. Should they be given "equal opportunity," Canadian-style, the Indian land could be both sold and tazed. In either case, the Indians are denied what is rightfully theirs.

Canadian Indians have decided that they don't want "equal opportunity" any more than they wanted "protection." They demand, instead, the right to self-determination for their people.

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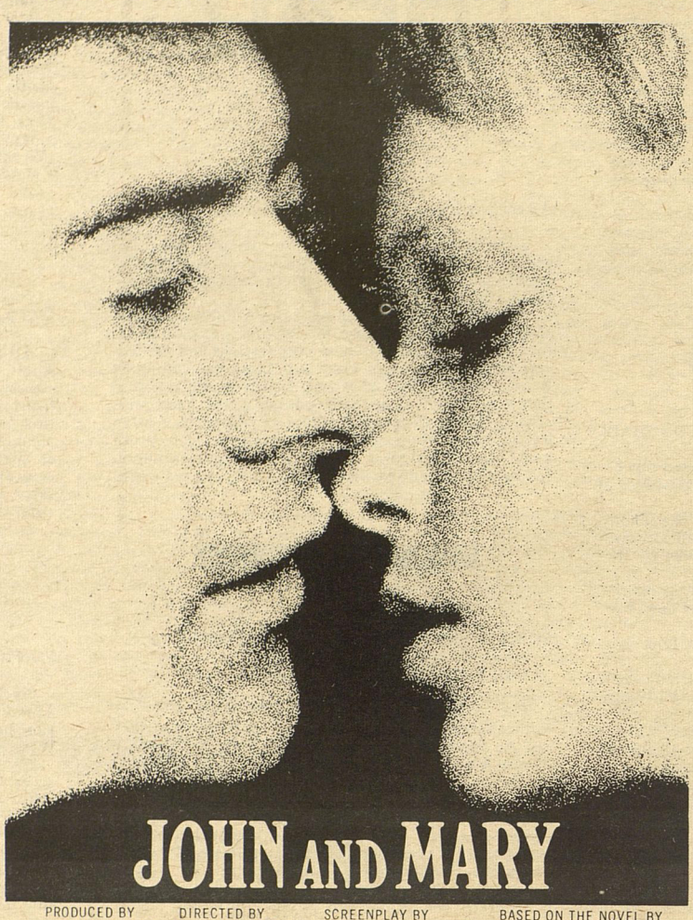
Coming To Your Favorite Theatre For The Holidays

Dustin Hoffman is John



Mia Farrow is Mary

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Continued from page 5

Mr. Foran's answer to that argument was an unfounded allegation that somehow we and our staff and myself have been tampering with the jury. The only case he cited against us, Griffith v. the United States, if your Honor read it your Honor will know that that was complete miscitation. It had nothing to do with the facts before the Court.

THE COURT: Are you arguing now a motion that I denied, that I denied four or five weeks ago?

MR. WEINGLASS: I am answering Mr. Foran's charge that what I did by making this motion to voir dire the jury was gross misconduct. It was absolutely proper conduct. I would be remiss in my duty to my client if I stood in this courtroom with fifteen marshals standing at the door, one man gagged and bound, the marshals striking at him, and not asking the court the simple request of asking the jury if they could continue to deliberate in this trial. I see nothing improper with that. The only thing improper is Mr. Foran's answer. And I plead this with court to cite to Mr. Foran the canon ethics which your Honor knows about, which your Honor has a copy of, which admonishes attorneys in an adversary proceeding to refrain from making a personal attack on the opposing attorney. Not only have you permitted it, you have added to it your own intimidation of me personally that will be dealt with later!

THE COURT: That wasn't intimidation, sir; that was. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: I accepted that as intimidation.

THE COURT: You are mistaken. This court doesn't intimidate lawyers.

MR. WEINGLASS: What does your Honor intend. . .

THE COURT: It cautions you not to repeat your conduct. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: Well, I fail to see. . .

THE COURT: And again I caution you not to say—utter the kind of remark you have made here this morning.

MR. WEINGLASS: I would like to know what remark I made that—

THE COURT: I shall not answer your question, sir, because when I attempt to answer them you interrupt me.

MR. WEINGLASS: I give the court my assurance that I will not.

THE COURT: I couldn't take your assurance because you have violated it on many occasions.

MR. WEINGLASS: Well, there is another charge. I would like to know what I did this morning that intimates contumacious conduct.

THE COURT: I told you. I will not answer your question.

MR. SCHULTZ: If the Court please, when the jury is brought in since Mr. Weinglass made statements in front of this jury that we can't proceed with this trial because a man is bound and beaten in front of the marshals I would ask the court that when the jury is brought in that the court again to somehow negate the comments that Mr. Weinglass tried to and in fact did make in front of the jury state again that Mr. Seale is bound because he continues to disrupt the trial and as soon as we get his assurance that he won't, the shackles and the gag will be taken off. I think that is proper—the government is entitled to a fair trial here, too, and Mr. Weinglass is doing everything he can to deprive us of that.

I ask the court to so instruct the jury because of Mr. Weinglass' comments.

MR. WEINGLASS: I think if your Honor is going to instruct the jury it will be that Mr. Seale continues to assert that he has the constitutional right to defend himself and that is why he is in shackles and that is why he is gagged.

THE COURT: You are directing me?

MR. WEINGLASS: I am making a request the same as Mr. Schultz makes a request. When he makes a request it is a request; when I make it, it is a demand.

MR. SCHULTZ: That is an example of how these lawyers are fostering this conduct. . .because they know as the court knows, and every lawyer knows, that the record is made for Mr. Seale but they persist in saying for the record that his Six Amendment rights have been violated. . .This is unbelievable conduct. Maybe that is the way they practice in New York, but not here, not here. Mr. Weinglass and Mr. Kunstler. . .

MR. WEINGLASS: [angrily] Is your Honor going to cite the canon of ethics?

MR. SCHULTZ: [in the manner of a crusading DA] Mr. Weinglass and Mr. Kunstler together are assisting these defendants in all their efforts to disrupt, to destroy these proceedings, to corrupt the judicial process. Both of them, both of them together right at this rostrom. Mr. Weinglass just did it. I just want to make those comments, if the Court please.

MR. WEINGLASS: IF your Honor please, these are interesting comments because if your Honor will recall, yesterday Mr. Seale was seated at the table, the courtroom proceeding was not in any way disrupted until Mr. Schultz got up and told the Court that Mr. Seale made remarks to persons in the audience before your Honor came to the court which were designed to inflame the audience when, in fact, Mr. Seale did just the opposite. He told the audience to "Cool it," and it was because of Mr. Schultz' interpretation of what Mr. Seale said to the audience that Mr. Seale is right now bound and gagged. And here he comes before the court now pleading somehow that this conduct was connected with something I have done and Mr. Kunstler has done. Actually yesterday at two o'clock Mr. Seale was seated quietly at the table until Mr. Schultz felt compelled to tell the court that he heard Mr. Seale say something that was inflammatory and it was not. It is that misstatement that has Mr. Seale in his present position.

a day in the death

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, if I can just add one comment, speaking for the seven defendants, except Mr. Seale. The point here is not some appellate point. Mr. Seale wants to defend himself now, he wants to have his trial now and defend himself now and not some day in the future on some future trial. It is his right to defense now.

What Mr. Schultz is saying is that Mr. Seale must sit back, take your assurance, take his assurance that he has a good appellate point or may have one preserved on the record and some day after he is convicted and reversed in the Supreme Court come back here and retry the case. We want to try this case now.

MR. SCHULTZ: Mr. Rubin is talking to me while Mr. Kunstler is addressing the court. I just want to make that record.

MR. KUNSTLER: . . .I think the Court owes a duty to the defense counsel in this case to see that the conduct of the marshals in this case with Mr. Seale and the entire binding and gagging be referred by your Honor to the Judicial Conference of the United States Courts for an immediate investigation. If your Honor does not do it, the defendants will make this formally.

THE COURT: Oh, don't threaten the Court.

MR. KUNSTLER: It is not a threat, your Honor. I am telling you what we are going to do.

THE COURT: I would tell you, sir, that the United States District Judge who practiced law in the courts of the United States and sat on state and federal benches for 50 years has to sit here, sir, and have a defendant call him a pig? [Bobby Seale shouts angrily; the sound is muffled.] **Listen to him now.**

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, we cannot hear him because of the binding and gag on him.

THE COURT: You bring that to the Judicial conference or wherever you want to bring it.

MR. KUNSTLER: But in addition to that, your Honor. . .

THE COURT: I will ask you to sit down.

MR. KUNSTLER: You could have stopped all this by merely letting him defend himself. You had a reasonable alternative.

MR. SCHULTZ: . . .if the Court please, may I make just a brief observation in reply to Mr. Kunstler? Mr. Kunstler said Mr. Seale wants his trial now, he doesn't want to wait for a judicial review. He wants it now. If the Court please, that is representative of the whole philosophy of the defense that we see. If they don't get what they want now, they demand it by disrupting in this case, disruption of the judicial proceeding. If the defendants wanted to introduce hearsay into evidence and the government objected and they thought they were right, they would just persist in the introduction throughout the whole trial, just stand there and keep on trying to introduce it. . .This philosophy destroys the judicial proceedings and it is the philosophy that Mr. Kunstler and Mr. Weinglass are practicing in the courtroom. . .

MR. HAYDEN: [rising] Your Honor, could I address you?

THE COURT: No, you may not, sir. You have a lawyer. That is what lawyers are for. I am not permitted under the decisions of the Supreme Court to let you speak.

MR. HAYDEN: All I want to say is that. . .

THE COURT: Sit down, please.

MR. HAYDEN: Bobby Seale should not be put in a position of slavery.

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal—

MR. HAYDEN: He wants to defend himself.

THE COURT: Tell that man to sit down. What is his name?

MR. HAYDEN: My name is Tom Hayden.

MR. HAYDEN: I would just like to—

THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Tom Hayden rose and addressed the court, persisted in speaking despite the court's direction that he sit down. Bringin the jury, Mr. Marshal.

MR. DELLINGER: What about the motion? There was a motion. Was there a motion for voir dire of the jury? He hasn't ruled.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, will you rule on my motion? I made a motion to voir dire this jury.

THE COURT: The form of the motion is bad; therefore I deny it.

MR. WEINGLASS: May I have an opportunity to rephrase the form of motion?

THE COURT: No.

[The jury file back in, looking chary.]

THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I must repeat in substance some of the observations I made to you yesterday about the unusual and extraordinary things that occurred in this court.

These incidents are not to be considered by you in determining the guilt or innocence of any of the defendants and I order you to disregard the incidents as you saw them and as you heard them. It is, of course, as I pointed out, my obligation under the law to serve as the governor of this trial. That is the law in the Federal District Court and I have been trying each day to discharge my obligation under the law to insure the defendants as well as the United States of America a fair trial. [Bobby Seale is shouting; though muffled by the gag, the words are clear: "You are denying my constitutional rights; I demand my constitutional rights."] **Mr. Seale, I will ask you to refrain from making those noises. I order you to refrain from making those noises!**

MR. DAVIS: [rises and turns toward the jury] Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I am trying to say he was being tortured while you were out of this room by these marshals. They come and torture him while you are out of the room. It is terrible what is happening.

MR. FORAN: That is Mr. Davis, your Honor.

THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my usual order. . .[the jury begins to file out]. . . **Who is that man talking about?**

A DEFENDANT: Your Honor, he is being choked to death—tortured—

MR. SEALE: [through the gag, but clearly] The judge is not. . .he is not trying to give you no fair trial. That's what you are. You are lying. You know exactly what you are. [Marhsals move into restrain him; the jury is now almost out of the courtroom.]

MR. HAYDEN: Now they are going to beat him, they are going to beat him.

MR. HOFFMAN: You may as well kill him if you are going to gag him. It seems that way, doesn't it?

THE COURT: You are not permitted to address the Court, Mr. Hoffman. You have a lawyer.

MR. HOFFMAN: This isn't a court. This is a neon oven.

MR. FORAN: That was the defendant Hoffman who spoke.

THE COURT: Let the record show that the defendent Hoffman spoke.

MR. SCHULTZ: Prior to that it was Mr. Hayden who was addressing the jury while they were walking out of here.

MR. HAYDEN: I was not addressing the jury, I was trying to protect Mr. Seale. The man is supposed to be silent when he sees another man's nose being smashed?

MR. HOFFMAN: The disruption started when these guys got into overkill. It is the same thing as last year in Chicago, the same exact thing.

THE COURT: Mr. Hoffman, you are directed to refrain from speaking. You are ordered to refrain from speaking. It is clear after this morning that I think we cannot go ahead. I would be glad to entertain first suggestions from the Government and then from the defense as to whether or not this trial shouldn't be recessed until two o'clock. I am perfectly willing to try to continue and do my best to discharge the obligations of my office.

MR. FORAN: Your Honor, I would like to see if we couldn't continue.

THE COURT: What did you say?

MR' FORAN: I would like to see if we could continue.

THE COURT: All right. It will take some time to—then we will take a brief recess.

MR. HAYDEN: I thought you were going to ask the defendants.

MR. WEINGLASS: Are we part—weren't we being invited to participate in the dialogue between the—

MR. SCHULZ: It is they who are disrupting this trial and now they want to make the decision as to whether or not we should proceed. It is incredible! It is they who are fostering this and they want to advise the Court...

THE COURT: [rising] I have ordered a recess.

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solution

Continued from page 7

would not serve only the youth but all the people of the community.

[8] In line with this, the police and other law enforcement agencies would be instructed to start dealing with the city's drug problems as health problems rather than criminal matters, and the city should initiate, in cooperation with the police and the medical authorities, a comprehensive new program for dealing with the hard-drug problem, including mass education, information and treatment, which could be implemented largely by the youth themselves. This would include printing pamphlets and other information media and distributing them, working at the clinic, etc. Other health problems such as venereal disease, common illnesses, and other ailments could come under this program, and birth control information could be disseminated as well as information about other health needs.

[9] To expand further on the drug problem, we propose a whole new approach to the situation which would include the passage of a new city ordinance removing marijuana from the list of narcotics and making possession for use a low misdemeanor if it must be a crime at all; the renovation of the police department's program for dealing with drugs by concentrating their efforts on prevention rather than arrest and imprisonment; a community-wide drive to eliminate the availability and use of amphetamines and heroin and other addictive drugs from the community, particularly the youth community; and a real effort to educate the youth and demonstrate to them why certain drugs are absolutely harmful while others are or can be beneficial to them. The main point here is that the police must concern themselves with eliminating the drugs themselves and not the users, which would mean that they could then realistically enlist the aid of people in the youth culture who are presently opposed to the use of harmful narcotics and dangerous drugs but would not lift a finger to help the police and the courts throw their brothers and sisters in jail for getting high or for using drugs. This would mean the destruction of the whole drug syndrome and the end of the major source of hostility in the community.

[10] The police should be removed from the South University and South State Street areas and from the youth center area altogether, and the city should allow for the establishment and training of a youth peace force which would police the area and work with the authorities in controlling any trouble that may be forthcoming. It should be noted that most "trouble" occurs when youth gatherings are invaded by police and when the police stay out of youth areas [as in Woodstock Nation last summer] no trouble occurs. The police department and all other authorities should be urged to enter into a real dialogue with youth and other subcultures and learn how to deal with the people peacefully rather than brutalizing and harassing them. The whole subject of police-youth co-existence is central to this report and to any discussion of community problems, and the program offered above, or any program offered by any concerned group, can only be doomed to failure unless a drastic change is made in the attitudes and practices of the police forces and other authorities. We submit that it is in the best interests of the entire community that the police-youth relationship be completely re-evaluated and realigned in conformity with contemporary reality."

It is the belief of the White Panthers that the Faber Report is good in so far as it goes, but that it does not go far enough. It recommends a people's park and a few other modest measures, which may have been sufficient to deal with dissatisfied youth five or ten years ago, but which seem like merely token measures today, when the youth culture is so dynamic, and so much in need of unlimited space in order to blossom as it must.

The White Panther Party believes that the full implementation of its program would greatly enhance the potential of Ann Arbor as a city in which young people can be happy and grow and be an asset to their environment, as well as eliminating the causes of "disorders" such as the one on South University. The people only take to the streets, and confront the ominous pig and his weapons, when there is deep discontent in their souls. When the City Council, or anyone else for that matter, seeks to deal with the growing numbers of dissenting youths, they must begin with the assumption that there is a valid cause for the dissent, and work out solutions from there. Because this assumption is the very basis of the White Panther Report, the Councilmen should consider it seriously and genuinely attempt to put it into effect.

All Power to All the People! Serve the People! Free All Political Prisoners!

All Power to the Imagination!

astronaut

Continued from page 24

"It was a nightmare. We are doomed." The color had left Sacajawea's face and a cloudy film covered her eyes.

"Nonsense! We saw everything you did on the viewer here. I don't think it's that bad. Nothing a little American ingenuity couldn't fix up. Ha, ha. Set up that Hydrogen lifter paraphernalia and we'll blow Man In The Moon up!"

Sacajawea is lying by the bed of the sea with blood tears pouring from her eyes. She is dying. Her Indian blood stains the ground and soon she is dead stiffening hard and erect face white and tongue hang from her mouth like a bad ticket. No one notices or cares. Preparations to blow up the crater are carried out.

BOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!

Like a giant prize the crater explodes. Arms legs guts balls wire steel beams rocks sailing through the starless darkness and at last settles with a smoky dull roar into the sea. The crater is gone. The sea is smooth. Man In The Moon is dead. The men climb back inside the space ship and return to Earth.

from A HISTORY OF AMERICA,
Coach House Press
Toronto – Detroit

YOUR PLANET IS DOOMED FOR DESTRUCTION WITHIN TIME SHORTLY. HOW SHALL I SAY...YOU HAVE DONE NOTHING RIGHT. WHITE MAN EVIL CURSE TAKING BLACK YELLOW AND RED MAN DOWN WITH HIM. IT IS REGRETTABLE. YOUR PLANET HAS BEEN THE GREATEST FAILURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE. MY SPEECH IS UNUSUAL? YOURS IS ABSURD! CONTRASTS LIKE LOVE & HATE. CONTRASTS!! EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING.

Several beep beep noise ensue from the great machine and then a long sigh.

I AM NEEDY TO REST...SOMEDAY YOU ROSE. YOU WILL LEAVE ME NOW AND RETURN TO YOUR MEN AND TELL THEM WHAT I HAVE SAID.

The Indian guide caught her breath and asked, "Well, what is there for us to do now? Please help us Man In The Moon."

BLIP BLIP BLIP BLIP BLIP

Oh, this was disturbing. Back she ran with her papoose a noisy empty rattle on her back & suddenly the nightmares began. She took the wrong turn where she was supposed to meet the ladder and walked into a squishy ooze which enveloped her like a maniac laughter penetrating every pore and orifice in her body, in what she knew from reading was a Moon Job, a perverted act favored by certain jaded Moon creatures. Escaping at last she continued her search for the ladder and rounding one bend in the steel network of tunnels ran into Bobby Franks masturbating into a Mason jar filled with tadpoles. She stopped to question the boy but his haunted look actually frightened her and she continued running. Oh where would this Oregon trail take her, she wondered. Where was Kansas and Nebraska and Wyoming and the Oregon Territory. How had she become so misplaced? At last, ahead of her, she saw the ladder.

"So tell us what went on over there," demanded xxxxxxxx as the party loitered around the edge of the sea. They had set up a tent and pills could be smelled cooking on the grill.

in the death

Continued from page 21

MR. WEINGLASS: The Court invited it.
THE COURT: Let the record show that. . .
MR. HAYDEN: [to the other defendants and spectators] Stand up. Don't let them have any pretext.
THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Hayden asked the people. . .
MR. HAYDEN: I ask the people here to do what they were told and they did it.
THE COURT: Mr. Hayden, do not try to fill my sentences out for me, and you are not permitted to speak except as you may come to be a witness in this case. You are not permitted to speak out loud. You may, of course, consult with your lawyer.
MR. SCHULZ: There are three defendants who have not risen, Mr. Dellinger, Mr. Rubin and Mr. Hoffman.
[brief recess.]
THE COURT: Let the record show that—which of the defendants have not risen?
MR. RUBIN: Rubin.
MR. SCHULZ: Defendants Rubin, Hoffman, Davis, Dellinger.
THE COURT: Gentlemen, there are aspects of this case that I want to consider before we resume with the trial and we will recess now until two o'clock this afternoon. Mr.—will you bring in the jury, please. Let them stand before the jury box.
[The following proceedings were had in open court in the presence and hearing of the jury.]
THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there remains only a short time in ordinary circumstances before the Court would recess. I have concluded to recess court until two o'clock with my usual order to you, not to talk with any body about this case, not to let anybody speak to you about it, not to discuss the case among yourselves. If anybody attempts to communicate with you in any manner whatsoever, please communicate with the Marshal, United States Marshal, who will in turn lay the matter before me.

I must order you, as I have heretofore, not to read the newspapers or other journals, not to listen to radio or television or look at television.

And, Mr. Witness, you are ordered to return here at two o'clock for further examination, not to talk with anybody about this case or anybody speak with you about it, until you resume the stand. Two o'clock, Mr. Marshall.
[Whereupon, at 11:53 a.m., a recess was taken to 2:00 p.m., of the same day, Thursday, October 30, 1969.]

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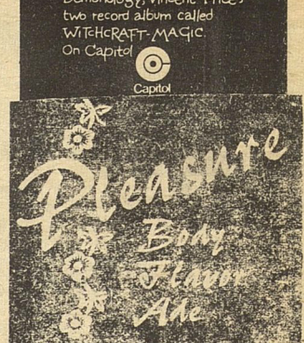

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Doctor Hippocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

DEAR DR. HIPpocrates:

The other day a girlfriend of mine asked me to see a movie called Daughters of Lesbo. Something about this girl disturbs me.

First of all, the boys call her "Big Daddy Linda" and have said some very bad things about her. Although she is a bit domineering and aggressive she always seemed quite friendly with us all. My boyfriend says she's a "Butch and a Dyke". Could you please give me a definition for these names?

ANSWER: Your boyfriend apparently believes that "Big Daddy Linda" is a lesbian and more specifically one who is masculine in her dress or demeanor. But most homosexuals, especially female, can't be identified by outward appearances.

DEAR DR. HIPpocrates:

I had intercouse for the first time last night [I'm 17 years old]. I have heard that it's supposed to be painful the first time, but it didn't hurt and I didn't bleed.

What I am wondering about is whether there are any signs that would show I'm pregnant [morning sickness, etc.]?

Could you please answer this soon? I'm frightened.

ANSWER: The first sign of pregnancy is usually a missed menstrual period. Other early signs are a feeling of fullness and enlargement of the breasts, darkening of the nipples and nausea and vomiting, especially in the morning. Laboratory tests for pregnancy can now be done in a matter of minutes. A sample of urine or blood is taken ten to fourteen days after the missed period.

Many girls experience no pain or bleeding when they first have intercourse. But an unwanted pregnancy can cause you needless suffering. You'd better see your family physician, a gynecologist or the nearest Planned Parenthood Clinic soon to learn about contraceptive measures.

DEAR DR. HIPpocrates:

I am 15 years old and am a girl. I have been masturbating [just recently finding out the name for it] for three years. Is this normal?

I don't think my friends do it—that's why I'm worried. The reason I think my friends don't do it is because they seem more. . .well, immature than me. They like Walt Disney movies and won't kiss their boyfriends. They are happier than I am.

Sometimes I go for a couple of months without doing it but then all of a sudden I am doing it once a day for a week. I think it happens mostly when I am lonely or depressed. Is there any way of getting over this?

P.S. Thank you for reading this; for taking the time to read it. Even if you don't answer, it's a relief for me to tell someone."

DEAR DR. HIPpocrates:

Although I have a normal and usually most successful sex life with my lover, when I am separated from him for more than a week, as occasionally happens, I find I have to resort to masturbation to keep my body quiet. If I do not do this, I find myself getting very tense and nervous.

Masturbation relieves this, but it never gives me anything like the pleasure that I find in real love-making, even on those occasions when I cannot achieve orgasm and my chief pleasure is pleasing my lover and satisfying him.

I would like to know whether there is any physiological basis for this, or whether, in your opinion, it is all in my head.

ANSWER: Masturbation is a normal means of sexual release. In Human Sexual Response, Masters and Johnson report that physiologically, an "orgasm is an orgasm," however it is achieved. But most people find greater satisfaction when sex is shared with another person.

"I don't care what Masters & Johnson found in their research, it's up here that counts", my secretary wisely pointed out, tapping her head.

* * * *

WARNING: Analysis of street LSD samples has at times indicated the addition of strychnine, a deadly poison. The drug is apparently added to LSD because of its stimulatory effects on the spinal cord. No longer used in medicine, strychnine is used commercially as a rat poison.

Some tripsters take high doses of LSD because they know its toxicity in man is very low. Should the tabs or capsules contain strychnine they might die like a rat. Symptoms are similar to tetanus poisoning—extreme sensitivity to light, sound or touch. Death results from asphyxia or exhaustion after a prolonged series of convulsions.

* * * *

Gefilte fish can be as lethal as it appears, according to an article in the October 13th Journal of the AMA. A Chicago housewife served a lunch of homemade gefilte fish to herself, an employee and her daughter-in-law. All were stricken with botulism, a particularly virulent type of food poisoning.

"The fish patties had been prepared from raw, unprocessed Great Lakes whitefish purchased in a supermarket. . .Whole fish were ground at home into fine paste. . . blended with raw eggs and onions, reground and made into patties approximately four inches in diameter. The patties were 'simmered' for about four hours in a large open pot partially filled with water."

The gefilte fish was served cold with horseradish on toast [presumably, a piece of cooked carrot rested atop each piece]. The housewife ate two pieces and died in a hospital five days later. Her employee, perhaps recognizing the gefilte fish as somebody else's soul food, ate one piece, was hospitalized but survived. The daughter-in-law, who was seven months pregnant, ate only half a portion. She suffered dizziness, weakness, nausea, vomiting and a slight distortion of hearing but recovered without treatment. Two months later she gave birth to healthy twins.

Botulism organisms have been demonstrated in 9% of all fish caught in the Great Lakes. They are not killed off by horseradish, red or white.

As a medical student I learned about yet another danger of gefilte fish. Housewives sometimes ingest tape worms while flavoring and tasting the uncooked fish meal.

* * * *

Stanley F. Yolles, M.D., director of the National Institute of Mental Health believes mandatory jail sentences should be eliminated in connection with the use and sale of all drugs, including heroin.

Testifying before the House Crime Committee, Dr. Yolles said, "I am convinced that the social and psychological damage caused by incarceration is in many cases far greater to the individual and to society then was the offense itself. . .It is time to change from a prosecution to a public health approach in dealing with drug abuse and especially in cooling the marijuana problem. . ."

* * * *

The San Francisco Chronicle recently published an article about one of histor immortal but unsung heroes, Thomas Cr per, inventor of the flush toilet. The sto of Mr. Crapper's life, Flushed With Joy, been published in England.

Crapper's invention has not been free hazard, however. Several cases have be authenticated, for example, in which l snakes have emerged from the bowels sewer lines. In one instance, a python sl ped into the plumbing of a college studen apartment and surfaced from the toi bowl of an adjoining apartment. It's oc pant was caught with his jaw down.

Medical World News of October 17th ported a deep sea diver's terrible experien in a decompression chamber:

"Unaware that the valve of the flushi mechanism on his commode was open, a that another diver was occupying the co mode next door, he was in one of ma most vulnerable positions when the oth diver, through a speaker to a control ope tor in a booth above the chamber, sa 'flush'. .Boon was exposed just a mome to a tremendous suction. Popping off t commode like a cork out of a bottle break the vacuum, he staggered to a near bunk, trailing his eventrated intestines, a called for help."

Two physicians were flown to the barge decompression chamber. Operati in silence because the chamber's atmosph of 95% helium and 5% oxygen make voic sound like Donald Duck's they saved patient's life. They performed the com cated surgery hunched over in a stiflin hot, humid seven foot diameter chamb All three were required to remain wit the decompression chamber for 62 ho because of the high atmospheric pressure

Thomas Crapper's invention may a lead to enactment of Gestapo-like d laws. The Nixon administration's Just Department has asked for a "no-knoc law empowering police to crash into hor without knocking if possession of drugs sale is suspected. Police have complain that suspects flush evidence while the o cers identify themselves.

Poet Lew Welch reminded me the ot day about the mythical "Manhattan Silv marijuana. According to underground gend so much of the weed has been flush down New York City sewers that stra silver plants grow in the great sewer pip Guarded undoubtedly by the Manhat silver alligators.

* * * *

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collect of letters and answers published by Gr Press. $5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your lett Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkel California 94709.

The Mobe: No POWs

to hold their action on Sunday. "Fuck that," was the answer.

Finally a deal was made. Dellinger, a Mobe leader, was allowed to speak at the main rally and announce the march on the Justice Department; Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin were not allowed to speak. The Mobe would not officially endorse the march on Justice, and in fact, people were advised to leave Washington as early as possible. And in return, the Weathermen and others agreed not to disrupt the main march to the Washington Monument.

All very slick. The Mobe and Moratorium people protected themselves from the actions of the radical left. For no sooner did the Justice Department march start but the Mobe and Moratorium people disowned it.

And the left adventurists had a issue which gave them support with a whole mass of people, people who wanted to act to Stop the Trial and stop all the other trials which are sending fellow revolutionaries to jail.

So ten thousand people marched on Justice, only a few of them Weathermen or Crazies; but, the adventurists controlled the action. The idea was to Stop the Trial and Free Bobby Seale, but instead someone ripped down the Amerikan flag and others broke a few windows.

This allowed the Washington cops to go into action. They were very cool [in the McLuhan sense]. Tear gas is cool; night sticks are hot.

Anyone who is serious about the Conspiracy trial knows that the only way to stop it is to convince the masses of people that the courts will not protect the defendants. All the defendants, whenever and wherever they speak, make it clear that they do not regard reversal on appeal as a sure thing. When their case gets to the Supreme Court, the Court may be filled with Nixon appointees.

And, moreover, this is only the first of many political trials. There are more coming up in New York, New Haven, Omaha, and even Ann Arbor, when the Ann Arbor Six go on trial on January 17.

It is obvious now that the New Mobe was never serious about making political repression one of the main issues of its actions. The Mobe agreed to the demand of free all political prisoners at a time when it did not know what kind of support it would get from the masses of liberals. But, once people like Senator Charles Goddel got involved...Well, you couldn't really ask the good Senator to demand the freeing of political prisoners. Or, could you?

Only Dave Dellinger, of those who had any visible leadership role in Washington, seemed to make the necessary connections between the war and the trial. Obviously, as a member of both New Mobe and the Conspiracy, he had more at stake. But, what was needed, and what Dellinger asked for, was one hundred thousand people to march on the Justice Department to show that the people who came to Washington knew that Vietnam was not just a mistake of an otherwise decent system of government.

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But, because the leadership of the march stopped any real mass actio which showed the necessary connection between events at home, and abroad, t November demonstration was a political, as opposed to an emotional, failure

In the aftermath of the mass demonstration, a bad taste was left. Th march leaders manipulated and now talk like it was Woodstock. But, self-style revolutionaries put down the mass of people as "peace creeps" for not breakin windows. The separations are getting greater.

And, life, politics, and the trial goes on.

The Mobe decides to go to the people with a petition. In Ann Arbor, th steering committee of Ann Arbor New Mobe [twenty-eight people] will canva with a petition against the war. In all probability, the petition will say nothin about events in the mother country nor mention other U.S. imperialist venture

And, at the trial, witnesses blame every event which took place in th streets during the Democratic Convention on eight people.

The Moratorium on Saturday, December 6, officially joined a group c liberal Democrats headed by ex-Senator Joe Clark to work for the election c peace candidates to Congress. Sam Brown, in a news conference announcing th activity, stated that those who participate in disruptive demonstrations should b arrested.

And, in San Francisco Bobby Seale is beaten by jail guards and put in sol itary confinement.

The Weathermen sew N.L.F. flags and debate whether or not their wome should become prostitutes to support them.

And, on December 4 a special task force of Chicago police execute tw Black Panthers.

And, maybe, some people learn who the enemies are.

—Fleagle

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WELCOME ASTRONAUTS

LEWIS & CLARK, SACAJAWEA AND THE OREGON

By BILL HUTTON

The Coon Skinned People led by xxxx-xxxx and %%%%% land on the moon with a dusty and mechanical thump. The door of their ship swings soundlessly open and xxxxxxxx and %%%%% are the first to walk down. They have belts and beads. They have a case of L.P.s by Ferlin Husky and four new U S. Royal Master tires.

Sacajawea, the French trapper's wife, comes down the ladder after the leaders, as she is familiar with the Moon. She has her baby papoose on her back and took her last shot at 0700.

They had roots & berries. They all have fine delicate fingers with which they pick needles up from the face of the Moon. The Kingdom of Euphrates had sent them to the Moon to see what could be done with it. They have many pills and oxygen and beakers of onion juice. xxxxxxxx and %%%%% walk abreast with Sacajawea and the other members of the expedition are behind them.

"Oui", said the French trapper, "it is very dark here on the Moon."

"Shaddup, Frenchy!" reprimanded xx-xxxxxx. "No smoking or talking up here til I give the go-ahead."

Ahead of them was the Sea of Galilee. Soon they were there. All crazy. Moon party led by Sacajawea who takes papoose from her back and reaches in for drugs which she takes with bang. Everyone takes some drugs and they march further across bent surface of Moon like Boyscouts on Xmas ornaments in July. One of the equipment bearers suddenly goes into labor and gives birth to a Fur Covered Moon Baby. They jab a flag through the infant's heart and leave him for a marker for the next nation to know. One guard is cutting notches on floor of Moon as they walk. They will be able to find their way back to the ship for the Barbecue via Telstar.

"The Sea of Galilee is where we find Man in The Moon," the girl whispers to leaders of the party. Everyone is wearing the popular coonskin space outfits by Whitestag.

"Yes," says xxxxxxxx feeling odd probings in his brain and deciding his transistor was a little out of place. He shakes his head and feels the even hum again, satisfied.

YOU PEOPLE ARE HERE FOR ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS NONEXISTENT IN MY MIND, blares voice of Man In The Moon rising like notes from small crater hole in Sea. YOU ASK ME IS THIS LIVABLE IF YOU CAN COLONIZE THIS OREGON MOON ? WHAT DO YOU MEAN THIS TONGUE OF YOURS. I HAVE LIFE STIRRING INSIDE MY WOMB THE THOUGHT OF LIFE IS A SOCIETY WITHIN ME.

A large glassy bubble appears from the crater mouth and floats off in direction of Milky Way.

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN. IT IS HERE, YOU SHOULD NOW BE SATISFIED.

There is a great prolonged buzz and whirping sound. The expedition freezes by the edge of the Sea expecting more calls out again, this time very tenderly.

SEND THE GIRL HERE IN A PLASTIC CANOE. I WILL TELL HER WHAT YOU ALL MUST DO.

Rigged up with a heavy transmitting device hidden in her heart, Sacajawea moves across the Sea of Galilee to the crater. The plastic canoe moves well through the water and she paddles from the stern with short quick strokes. Soon she reaches the crater and pulls canoe far up on bank and walks toward opening near the top. She knows she must do this job well. Every step she makes will be recorded on the TV camera planted in the pupils of her eyes. She reaches the brink of the crater and sees aluminum mouth. Also she notices many loud speakers clamped around edge of the crater mouth. Automatically, she steps around the ladder and begins her descent into the darkness below.

Adolph Hitler was standing in the Main Control Room of the complex dressed in a seersucker suit and a straw hat.

"You...you're Man In The Moon!?!?"

"I'm only receptionist," he replies in heavy German accent. "Me and Judge Landis and Jane Hollister. The man you wish to see will be ready for you in a moment. Please be seated before this screen." Adolf Hitler sinks to the floor & becomes a large flapjack and an army of ants marches out with banners and trumpets and carries him away.

Sacajawea hears a blirping noise from speaker below the giant 80" TV screen and she looks up. Many scan lines appear on the screen but that is all. Then comes the voice.

YOU HAVE BEEN AMUSED BY THIS INTRODUCTION BY MR HITLER AND JUDGE LANDIS AND JANE HOLLISTER. IT IS YOUR WEAKNESS.

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